JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII, 1931

3D EVERY THURSDAY

A CASE FOR WISDOM By The EDITOR

BEHIND THE INVASION

UNLOCK THE DOOR... By A.G.G.

Clear your pockets of the SQUANDER BUG!

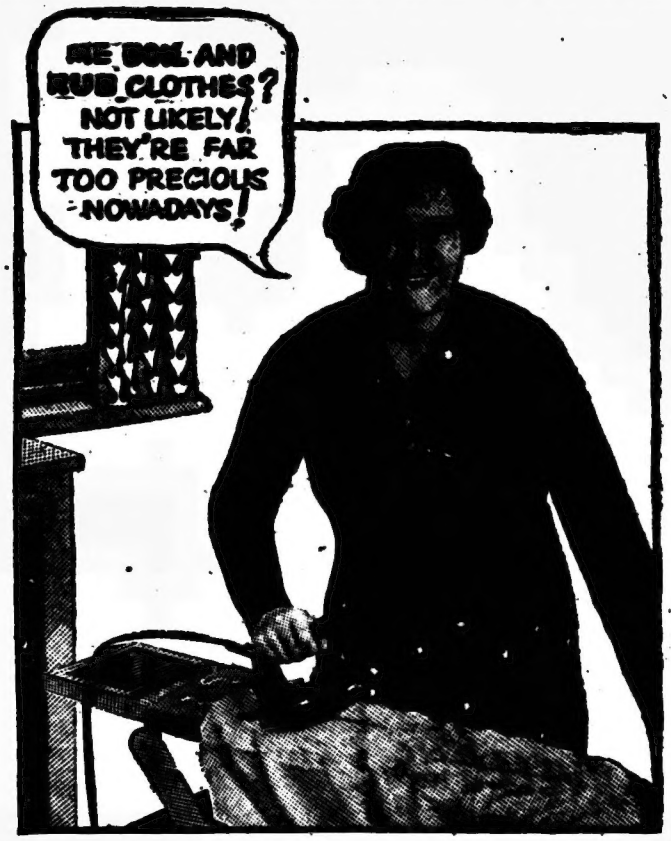
Wherever you carry your money, there you will find him.

Give him half a chance and he's on your shoulder whispering his insidious propaganda into your ear and before you know where you are you have bought some footling thing with money that should be doing battle for Britain.

Buy Savings Certificates now and regularly every week, for that's the way to beat him—that's death to the Squander Bug!

Savings Certificates costing 15/- are worth 20/6 in 10 years—increase free of income tax. They can be bought outright, or by instalments with 6d., 2/6 or 5/- Savings Stamps through your Savings Group or Centre or at any Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank. Buy now!

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE



RINSO IS A NO. 1 SOAP POWDER. 3½D. PACKET, 1 COUPON; 7D. PACKET, 2 COUPONS

Rinso soaks clothes clean in 12 minutes

SAVES TIME — SAVES CLOTHES — SAVES FUEL

B 3174-9 *R. S. Hudson Limited*

MAKE SURE OF

Holiday Health The-Year-Round

WHEN holidays are fewer and playtime's short, how grand to enjoy 'holiday health' all the year round! You can get this all-the-year-holiday fitness for yourself if you just remember to take Bile Beans regularly.

While you sleep Bile Beans create 'inner health.' They regulate the system and gently eliminate all harmful wastes. They improve the figure, clear the skin, and keep you fit and radiant.

However brief their wartime holiday everyone can ensure the benefits of this 'holiday health' the year round

By Taking

BILE BEANS

PURELY VEGETABLE THREE-LAXATIVE

FOOD FACTS No. 152

HOW TO SAVE TIME IN GETTING YOUR NEW RATION BOOKS

DELAY is being caused because at least one person out of every seven has turned up at the Distribution Centre without the old books properly filled in. Others have failed to see that the particulars on their present Identity Card and Ration Book are up-to-date and agree. Here are the three things to do before you go for your new books:

1. See that the particulars on your present Identity Card and Food Ration Book are correct, and that they *agree*. If, for example, you have moved, or changed your surname, do not alter the card or book yourself. Take both to the Food Office immediately.

2. Fill in page 3 of your present Ration Book (the Reference Leaf). Don't forget section "Z," including signature of the book holder, and section "Y" if under 18.

3. On page 4, which is the back of the Reference Leaf, write the name and address of the Milk retailer with whom you are *now* registered, that is, your *present* Milk supplier. On page 4 of the Child's (green) Book write *in addition* the names and addresses of the child's Meat and Egg retailers.

★ ★ ★

Look out for the advertisements and for the A.B.C. posters in cinemas, Post Offices and elsewhere, telling you the day on which books for your initial will be issued in your area.

This system has been worked out to try and "spread the load" evenly and prevent crowding at the end. Remember that someone else can go for you if you can't go yourself. Don't forget to take your present Ration Book and Identity Card (whatever your age) when you go for your new ones.

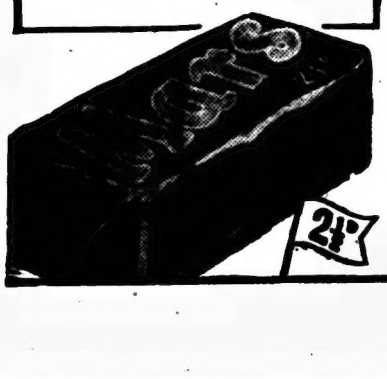
AFTER YOU HAVE GOT YOUR NEW BOOKS...

Put them away carefully until July—
Don't write anything in them yet—
Don't take them to the shops yet.

"...WISH THEY WERE AN ISSUE"

COMPARE THE ENERGY VALUES!

	CALORIES (Our energy)
1 glass of Milk	169
1 Egg	70
1 slice of Bread	100
1 Lamb Chop	178
1 MARS	213



No wonder the Services go for Mars in a big way. There's more quick energy in these chunky candy bars than in many highly recommended energy foods (see chart). In fact, they are packed with delicious goodness — chocolate to sustain, glucose to energise, separated milk to nourish. And when you get them, spread and prolong your enjoyment — by cutting them up into slices.

QUICKEST SAFEST RELIEF *from* PAIN

Nerves always repay a little consideration. Constant pain drives them to desperation — and exhaustion. Concentration wearies them. But two tablets of Phensic will soothe the most irritable bundle of nerves and turn you into someone ready to laugh — and carry on! Try Phensic if you are subject to neuritis, lumbago, sciatica, toothache (neuralgia), rheumatic pain, or any kind of nerve strain or pain. 1/4 and 3/3 *including Purchase Tax.*

Phensic

DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

TWO TABLETS GIVE MAGIC RELIEF

This meal-time drink is a food as well

Your family's regular meal-time drink can be a good body-building, energy-giving food — Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

makes every meal go further

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, June 19, 1943, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

SLOW START

● Only Mr. Brown can be surprised that back-bench M.P.s are demanding a new Minister of Health. For Mr. Ernest Brown has hardly been a shining success in the job.

His latest failure concerns those 3,000 new cottages for farm workers. It was early in February that Parliament first heard about them.

So far, work has begun on four—and four only. One a month!

But Mr. Brown has been busy in other ways. He has stopped the building of rural houses in East Suffolk because the county council's plans didn't happen to be the same as those of Whitehall.

No, it won't do, Mr. Brown. A new Minister of Health might be bold enough to cut the red tape that is bound firmly round the blue-prints for those 3,000 houses.

He might be wise enough to see that even 3,000 will not relieve the very urgent problem of providing decent shelter for land workers. And he would therefore order not 3,000 but 30,000 prefabricated dwellings that could be made in mass-production factories and assembled quickly where they are needed—even if they might have to be scrapped after a generation or so.

These times call for speed. Mr. Brown is apparently deaf.

Straight from the Shoulder

INTO BATTLE

NOW we begin the supreme task. The "breathing space" is over; we cannot pause till the whole Continent is liberated and the Axis shattered into fragments.

The tiny islands of Pantellaria and Lampedusa are but stepping-stones to the great islands of Sicily and Sardinia and Corsica.

We must battle also across the Balkan ridges, deprive Germany of Rumanian oil, bomb her own synthetic oil plants into rubble, and so weaken her that she cannot withstand simultaneous blows from East and West.

The Prospects

An immense programme!

The enemy snarls that we shall need 1,500,000 picked troops to sustain an invasion. Well, we have the men, highly trained and superbly equipped.

The enemy warns us that our losses will be heavy. But we have never believed that victory will be cheap.

U-boat Menace

We are beating the U-boat in the Atlantic. But we must reckon with a concerted U-boat attack on our troop transports. And, with this shifting of the site of attack, it may take time to organise counter-measures as good as those we are now using in the Atlantic.

We have air supremacy. But the *Luftwaffe* may well be stung into a heavy campaign against our ports and industrial bases.

New Bomb Plan

Note that our own bombing tactics have been drastically changed. "Round the clock" bombing has gone. It has given way to concentrated attacks of the Dortmund kind.

These are not mere "raids." They are equivalent to battles by whole divisions of infantry and massed artillery. And they are spreading a band of ruin across the Ruhr.

Three Months Ahead

We are bombing to a strategic military plan. Targets for the next three months have already been decided, as the American air chief in Britain, General Eaker, has announced.

He reveals, too, that the American bombing force here has been doubled since March and will double again by October. More than ever it is clear that the Anglo-American air campaign is proving one of the decisive factors of the war.

Results

For the British Government states that production in the Ruhr has fallen by 35 per cent., elsewhere in Germany by 10 per cent. Those figures are a testimony to the R.A.F.

Moreover, though some German spokesmen claim a surplus of arms with which to oppose invasion, others are hinting that the Axis is not so strong after all.

Three Months Behind

The reason for this atmosphere of suspense may be that the Nazi High Command, as Mr. Churchill has said, counted on delaying the end of the Tunisian campaign until August.

If so, then the Axis defences in Southern Europe may be some months short of completion.

Hard Path

But the Prime Minister was wise to insist that we must be prepared to win by hard fighting, and hard fighting alone.

There is a resurgence of spirit in Italy. Mussolini's troops will oppose invasion no less staunchly than the Wehrmacht.

Still, our propaganda should aim at lessening the enemy's will to resist. We must promise to meet unconditional surrender by fair treatment.

Enemy Strength

Evidently the Axis hopes to defend Europe with some 100 German and 70 Italian divisions.

A formidable force. Part of it, however, should be neutralised by our friends within the Occupied Countries.

Waiting to Strike

Though 47,000 of the French have been executed and 200,000 dragged into exile, there are plenty more waiting to aid us.

The guerilla outbursts in Greece, the general strike "rehearsal" in Holland, are but two of recent signs that our unseen allies are ready for the struggle.

Russian Summer

Nervously, Hitler has postponed his attack in the East. But he dare not attempt to disengage his forces there—forces which represent the greater part of his armed strength.

He has, as Mr. Churchill told us, 190 German and 28 satellite divisions on the Russian Front.

One million of those troops are massed for a new effort to cross the 170 miles which lie between them and Moscow.

Tied to the West

The Russians are ready for them. The Red Air Force is stronger than ever before, whereas the bulk of the *Luftwaffe* is still tied to the West for fear of an Anglo-American invasion.

None the less, *both* sides on the Eastern Front are using large bomber fleets to prepare for large-scale offensives.

The Germans are bringing up their monster "Tiger" tanks; the Russians have assembled enormous masses of guns.

Visit to Moscow

One of the heaviest Soviet liabilities is the grim food shortage. One of the biggest assets, a medical service which restores an astonishing proportion of the wounded to fighting fitness.

Some of our finest surgeons are going to Moscow to "see how it's done"; could we not have more of these missions to exchange information on the problems of both war and peace?

Cheer from China

Stalin clearly approves of Anglo-American military plans. So do our Chinese friends, who give us good news in return.

By their latest defeat of the Japanese they have saved the gateway to Chungking. The Chinese War Minister describes the general situation as "most cheering." Most significant, perhaps, is the cheerfulness with which "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell left the Roosevelt-Churchill meeting and his latest secret talks with Allied commanders.

Bombs on Burma

General Stilwell—to give him his formal title—is Chiang Kai-shek's chief of staff. He has always insisted that the only way to raise the siege of China and get to grips with the Japanese is to retake Burma.

Significantly, again, the R.A.F. is dropping more than eight times the weight of bombs on Burma as it did a year ago. With the result that the Japanese bombing bases are being pushed steadily back.

New Start

Our power is mounting, too, in Ceylon. That loyal strategic island has just accepted the new constitution so belatedly offered by Whitehall and so long advocated by JOHN BULL.

But there is a bigger problem that can no longer be left in abeyance—that of India itself.

Something more than a new Viceroy is needed. There should be a fresh start to find a solution.

Towards Peace and Plenty

The United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration is now in being. Its job is to bring relief to the victims in the overrun territories just as soon as the Axis aggressors are cleared out.

The Hot Springs conference has shown that good will can solve the intricate problems governing the production and distribution of foodstuffs after the war.

It Can Be Done

In the same spirit, statesmen must achieve the wider aims re-emphasised by the American State Department.

Economic freedom. Recognition of human rights. Justice for the "backward" peoples.

No less will suffice.

P.M. Looks Ahead

Fortunately, Mr. Churchill is becoming more and more interested in the things to come—perhaps because of his association with President Roosevelt.

Indeed, the U.S.A. is showing a fine initiative in several directions.

There are moves afoot to confer on financial measures to restore world trade, on the difficult problems of post-war aviation and shipping, on living and wage standards throughout the world.

Public health, national resources, agriculture—these are other subjects due to be covered.

Unity After the War

Though all the details cannot be revealed, much that is now taking place behind the scenes promises to secure real unity among the United Nations after as well as during the war.

And by that unity a happier, healthier, fairer existence can be won for all mankind.

(Continued overleaf)

TRAIN CRASHES INTO BOMB CRATER

During a recent raid, a bomb fell just in front of a passenger train on the main line from London to Colchester. The engine plunged into the crater, killing both driver and fireman. As the driver, Mr. W. G. Greenfield, of Parkeston, Essex, was a registered reader of "John Bull," his widow received a prompt cheque under "John Bull's" Free Air Raid Insurance.

"John Bull" offers free to every civilian reader, including Fire-Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc., A FREE AIR RAID POLICY (Underwritten at LLOYD'S) as well as comprehensive Household Benefits.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Continued from preceding page

Fruit for the Few—Coal on Iron Rations—Too Many Closed Doors Again

AGAIN the reactionaries* have been making what the Prime Minister calls "lamentable outcries." They don't like the idea of post-war controlled prices for the things we eat.

Tub-thumping for individualism, they've just been arguing that the producer ought to be allowed to get whatever price he can.

How It Works

Even now there's enough of this out-and-out opportunism when wartime control breaks down. See how it works:

Strawberries, cherries and gooseberries, salmon and lobster are not luxuries now. They're the things the ordinary housewife can afford and should buy to make a healthy change.

All this fruit and salmon and lobster are plentiful; plentiful and almost unobtainable.

Barrows Get It

That's because the producers are getting what they can. Big quantities of strawberries are being bought up by the street hawkers and others who can sell underweight.

A shopkeeper near this office ordered and paid for a supply of strawberries this week. They were to be delivered within an hour. When he went to collect, a man with a barrow had got in first.

It's Curious

Down the street, in Covent Garden, there's a big van standing every morning about nine o'clock. It comes from one of London's famous hotels.

These days it drives off with a load of all the things we're told are in "short supply." No one can say the hotel people are breaking the law, but a good many can wonder whether there isn't some rather curious favouritism somewhere.

More Money, Less Trouble

Before the beginning of last month, when the controlled price was fixed, you could buy lobster in some shops at up to 10s. a pound (if you were foolish enough). Now that the maximum is 3s. 3d. it pays the catcher to sell direct and get his best price without trouble.

Only a quarter of the salmon that used to reach the wholesale markets is now arriving; the rest is sold direct to customers at high prices.

Warped Energy

Control, in fact, is still being systematically evaded despite the Ministry of Food's efforts.

It's being evaded by the sort of trader the reactionaries defend—the trader who caters for the customer with enough warped energy to get more than his share of everything.

Asking for More

The people who are putting their backs into winning the war haven't any of this miserable energy to spare. The miners, for instance. In some areas they've just been told that production is going down, that fresh efforts are needed.

We've had a letter from one of the areas—a district in South Wales. It's from a miner who has worked underground for the best part of fifty years.

They're Hungry

"I'm trying to carry on and help the output at our pit," he says, "but the truth is we don't get enough to eat for our heavy work. 12 oz. of cheese, bread and water isn't good enough. That's what we have to eat—in an atmosphere laden with coal dust.

"Let us have a cooked dinner when we finish work and not just on Sundays when the week's meat ration disappears. Other war workers get it."

Yes, and not only war *workers*.

Usual Lunch

In the reports of the flooding of a section of the Kennox Colliery, Lanarkshire, there was an appalling sentence that showed what our miners put up with.

When the three men were cut off by the flooding "*they had with them the usual miner's lunch—four pieces of bread.*"

Security Excuse

There can't be too much publicity for facts like these. Unfortunately war conditions tend to dim the light of publicity. And that's a bad thing.

More and more public business—public in every sense of the word—is being done behind closed doors. County councils and other local authorities obviously can't discuss troop concentrations, munition works and airfields in public.

But too many of them are using the excuse of "security" to keep people in the dark about their own local government.

Face-Saving

A lot of the secrecy is just face-saving—sometimes handing out pay increases without the citizen, who has to meet the bill, getting to know the facts.

Local officials are only too glad to keep these things out of the papers. They know that by the time the full truth is known there'll be an outcry—but then it will be too late.

Just Rebuke

The other day Sir William Jenkins, Chairman of Glamorgan County Council, got a just rebuke from a leading provincial newspaper. Sir William had criticised the Press at a recent committee meeting and had had the impudence to say: "We gave the Press the privilege of attending this meeting."

You Can Help

It isn't normally in the power of county councillors to bestow such privileges. It is their duty to let the newspapers know what they're doing.

JOHN BULL is going to keep a watchful eye on local authorities who show signs of dodging publicity because of alleged "security" reasons. We ask our readers to help. Let us know about these cases of "closed doors."

Fun for Firemen

We have more fire brigade units than any other country in the world. They do their practices mainly in their station yards. Often a dreary business, as members of the N.F.S. complain.

An American soldier reader has an interesting suggestion that will appeal to the firemen and should appeal to their chiefs.

U.S. Example

"Why not set aside play streets," he asks, "and during very hot weather let the firemen turn their hoses on the children of the district?"

That isn't as violent as it sounds. The American tells us that every summer the idea is carried out in New York and many other big cities in the United States.

Under the Spray

Youngsters who've got no hope of a seaside holiday turn out in their bathing costumes.

They yell with joy under the spray from the water jets. The firemen enjoy it, too. They join in the fun and, being timed in every operation, get just as good practice as if they were aiming at targets in their own yards.

Please Can I Help

We hope that by now one of our seventeen-year-old readers has got the letter he's been waiting for. In the few months before he can go into the Forces he decided to work on the land.

He wrote to the Cheshire War Agricultural Committee to volunteer for the summer.

Still Waiting

He got no answer, wrote again after ten days. Still no answer. He wrote a third time and when he told us about it he'd been waiting another week.

It's to be hoped all this delay is due to a flood of Cheshire volunteers and not to official indifference. On the day the boy's letter reached this office the Ministry of Agriculture issued yet another appeal for temporary farm helpers.

Feeling Mad

"Right now," says a North Countryman who works for the Ministry of Supply, "I'm feeling mad . . ." No wonder. He'd just got back from a wasted day.

Ordered to take two lorries to fetch Italian prisoners for work on the land, he arrived to find that they refused to travel in anything but 'buses.

The camp commander let them have their 'bus ride. And our correspondent had to use twenty-three miles worth of petrol for nothing.

Got Seven Days

And here's another case that not only involves petrol waste but seems the type of thing the War Office is trying to stop. It's reported like this by a gunner:—

"Recently our regiment visited an artillery range right out in the country. While we were firing one of our despatch-riders was sighted in the target area and firing was stopped.

"He reported he'd been sent out by an N.C.O. without maps and that he'd lost his way on the vast stretch of moor. *Result*: *Seven days' C.B.*

Got Lost

"On our way back," the gunner goes on, "our convoy got lost. The officer in charge had maps but he misread them. All the vehicles wasted petrol while they wandered fourteen miles off the proper route. *Result*: *Not even a reprimand.*"

These Tips Again

A Sunderland builder needed 200 bricks to repair the wall of some bombed property. He saw many more than 200 going to the débris tip.

They said he couldn't have any. It was against the rules. "I'll report you," he said, "for wasting petrol in moving the bricks. I'll take them away without cost."

He got his bricks.

IT'S NICE TO HEAR that in the fourth year of war the Royal Academy's Exhibition has been having its most successful season for a very long time. In the first month 64,000 visitors saw the pictures—more than twice as many as last year.

No sign of war-weariness there.

* * *

IT'S NOT NICE AT ALL to read the advertisement of a Midland firm of poultry dealers. They refer to "the latest craze in the Midlands—live chicks as prizes on pin tables."

"You can take good money on old type pin tables," the advertisement says; "the punters will play all night long to win a chicken and YOU ARE HELPING THE WAR EFFORT."

* The Oxford English Dictionary says a reactionary is "one who favours, or inclines to, a return to a previous condition of affairs"—in other words, a man who has been doing better than his neighbours and wants things to be always that way.

BEHIND THE NEWS

- **In two nights recently, the R.A.F. laid more mines than in the whole of 1941. Now the results are appearing.**

- *Morale of the German minesweeper crews is slumping, so dangerous has their work become. Pay of both officers and men has had to be raised.*

- The enemy reckoned that the R.A.F. could not lay more than a certain tonnage of mines—and had planned the number of minesweepers accordingly. Now that number is being hurriedly increased.

- **Supplies badly needed for the Russian front are being held up. And so many medium-sized ships have been lost in the Baltic that iron ore is having to be brought from Sweden to the Kiel Canal in fishing vessels and unsuitable barges.**

- *Allies have forestalled Nazi-Vichy plots to sink French naval units at Martinique and to smuggle away by submarine* **£30,000,000** *Bank of France gold kept in aircraft carrier "Béarn."*

- Nazi Governor "Long Knives" Frank, in charge of Hitler's Polish massacre plan, admits failure. Thirty per cent. of his toughest butchers have been killed by patriots in six months.

- **Biggest Italian financier Count Volpi di Misurati has become Mussolini's open enemy. Too powerful to be purged, he says he is out to restore his country "to sanity."**

- *Since European Axis reverses, Japan has formed a new political bureau under ex-Foreign Minister Matsuoka to devise ways and means to make idea of a negotiated peace acceptable to the United Nations.*

- Behind the Roosevelt anti-gas warning to Germany was the leak-out of information that the I.G. plant in Bitterfeld has stepped up poison gas production.

WITHOUT FEAR O

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That reply was an in loving men. They were not or rewards; they were me square deal.

And they could not forgi making an action of belated upon his approval of their w

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By the EDITOR

A CASE FOR WISDOM

UNLESS the Government has the wisdom to repeal the two worst clauses of the Trade Disputes Act quickly, a grave crisis can scarcely be averted.

And this at the very moment when the whole country is keyed up to the supreme task of invading Europe and national unity is more than ever essential to our purpose!

But the plea for unity has no force if any large section of the community feels it is being unfairly used to withhold justice.

And this is exactly what the great Trade Union movement does feel. "The backbone of the war effort" is stiffening. It will bend no longer to special pleading.

JOHN BULL gives its unqualified support to the demand for revision of the vindictive legislation which was a sequel to the General Strike of 1926.

But we do not want to see even a bad law broken by public contempt.

That is why we urge Mr. Churchill, as leader of a "National" Government, to intervene personally in this national issue.

Whatever his personal views may be, now is the time for him to make a virtue of necessity and, by a single gracious gesture, to resolve a crisis before it has any chance of becoming a catastrophe.

Consider the basic facts. The Trade Disputes Act was passed in 1927 by a triumphant Tory majority which meant to "rub in" the defeat of the unions in the general strike.

CORE of the Labour grievance is to be found in clauses 5 and 6, which, respectively, debar Civil Service unions from affiliating with the T.U.C. and restrict local public authorities in the employment of union men.

Efforts to have this punitive Act removed from the Statute Book have been persistent ever since it was passed.

Only recently T. J. Hodgson, secretary of the Union of Post Office Workers, said: "This Act should be sent to the Dead Letter Office, there to lie with the Arcos Raid papers, the Zinovieff Letters, the Protocols of the Elders of Zion, and the legislation against bull-fighting."

But the Trades Union Congress, acting in a conciliatory and moderate spirit, decided in 1941 that it would be content, for the time being, to secure the repeal of these two clauses only rather than provoke that threat to "national unity" which the Premier had begged it to avoid.

Be it noted that this "special pleading" has been used right through the war to avert or postpone any direct challenge.

The T.U.C., in February, 1939, asked Mr. Chamberlain, in carefully restrained terms, to right an ancient wrong. No reply was forthcoming until March, 1940.

And then Mr. Chamberlain said that the T.U.C. should postpone its campaign for bare justice until after the war was won, when—*if* its effort had been adequate—its case for the restoration of its own freedom would be "proportionately strengthened!"

That reply was an insult to freedom-loving men. They were not asking for favours or rewards; they were merely asking for a square deal.

And they could not forgive Chamberlain for making an action of belated justice dependent upon his approval of their war efforts.

Poor Chamberlain went out and Churchill came in. The greatest war time Premier in history was not then leader of the Tory Party. Winston *could* have made a generous gesture at that time.

Unfortunately, he did not do so. When the Trades Union Congress again made formal request for a modification of the 1927 Act, all Mr. Churchill would say was that any step in that direction would cause a controversy likely to hamper the war effort.

Why? Who would have caused the controversy if not the die-hard reactionaries opposed to any reform which might, in their opinion, weaken their position at the top of "the master class"?

Ernest Bevin, Minister of Labour and key-man in the War Cabinet, said as long ago as March, 1940: "So long as the Trade Disputes Act remains on the Statute Book, it will colour the attitude of the Trade Union movement to the Government of the day."

And so it has, but the workers, in spite of their natural resentment, have patiently refrained from forcing the Government's hand.

Now, according to one section of public opinion, they *are* doing so. The unions are being blamed for attempting to hold the Government up to ransom.

But this is *not* a fair statement of the present case. What has happened is simply that the Union of Post Office Workers, the biggest organisation of its kind in the Civil Service, has at last "taken the bit between its teeth."

It has made formal application for affiliation to the Trades Union Congress and the T.U.C. General Council seems prepared to back that application in the teeth of the law—that is to say, in the decaying teeth of the 1927 Act.

Sir Walter Citrine is no John Lewis. He is a great Labour organiser who has never sought for a moment to make capital out of the nation's emergency.

But he says in blunt words that "the war is being used as a pretext for withholding from us an overdue rectification of a wrong."

The extremist reactionaries in Parliament can gain nothing by contemptible delaying actions. They are already creating resentment, and, to that extent, hampering the war effort.

They are definitely impairing the cordial relations between the Government and organised British Labour—"the backbone of the war effort."

No one can blame the postal workers or the Civil Service Clerical Association for demanding fair representation in the trades union movement.

But it is a fact that, until the law itself is suitably changed, there is grave danger in flouting it.

"It would be folly," said Mr. W. J. Brown, M.P., "for the Association" (of Prison Officers) "to pursue a path of illegality.

"If any section claimed the right to disregard the law, it could not grumble if other people also claimed it."

THIS sensible warning was uttered at the last meeting of the Prison Officers' Association Conference. It applies, however, to all Civil Servants because, should they insist upon their "right" to join the T.U.C.—Act of Parliament or no Act of Parliament—they will have to challenge the law itself.

They might—and probably would—succeed in this challenge. Theoretically, the Government could dismiss from his employment every Civil Servant who insisted upon affiliation to the T.U.C.

Actually, of course, no such wholesale dismissal of vital war workers would be possible. The rebels would probably "get away" with their rebellion.

But this would not solve the real problem. What the whole of organised British Labour wants is the repeal of a bad law and the satisfaction of its legitimate demands under the sanction of the constituted Government.

And now is the golden opportunity to cement the great partnership which was born of war's emergency; now is Mr. Churchill's "finest hour," in which to prove himself a master-strategist on the home front as well as the world's battlefields.

Six Months of Next-to-Nothing

JUST six months ago Parliament approved Regulation 33B with what one exuberant reformer called "an historic vote."

Historic, apparently, because it took away the right of a V.D.-infected person to infect whom he or she liked.

★ ★ ★

It laid down, indeed, that if more than one person seeking voluntary treatment swore that the disease was contracted from the same individual, that individual would have to be treated compulsorily—or go to prison.

Well, what sort of history has Regulation 33B made in its first six months?

Fewer than thirty carriers have been reported by more than one informer.

Two only still declined treatment and were therefore imprisoned.

And, meanwhile, the disease has continued to spread alarmingly.

Six months of Regulation 33B have done no more than to offset, over Britain as a whole, the growth of the disease in one small market town.

People who have had the unenviable job of persuading sufferers to undergo treatment have told JOHN BULL:

Sufferers are afraid to name from whom they got the disease—imagine, quite wrongly, that they might be called on to prove their statements in a court of law, when facts might be called for of which they are ashamed.

This fear has grown since the authorities were unwise enough to summon in open court two women who refused treatment, their names, addresses and other details about them being given full publicity.

★ ★ ★

Treatment is far from private in countless small towns and villages. Local people get to know that men and women attending certain buildings at certain hours are going there for V.D. treatment.

Such people, it is suggested, should be allowed to go to the nearest big town, where some sort of anonymity can be preserved.

But few of these workers have any confidence that Regulation 33B will ever have big results.

★ ★ ★

Of first importance, they say, is a big social clean-up of the country as a whole. That would mean, among other things, closing undesirable places of amusement, exercising firm control of undesirable people.

And some measure of real power should be given to authorities who, knowing the names of people who have infected ten, twenty or more people, can at present do nothing about it because no two of those people will reveal their source of infection.

In other words, new legislation is wanted. 33B was never "historic." It was weak and wishy-washy, doomed to accomplish next to nothing.

A Course for Youth to Steer

WITH age comes, proverbially, wisdom. I don't know. It takes a bold confidence to look back through twenty years of manhood and say that those years have brought a degree of wisdom.

I look back over a similar period and I confess that I feel not much wiser.

True, I know more of the subtlety of life. I know more tricks of the trade.

★ ★ ★

I know—and this I *did* not know twenty years ago—that the world breeds rogues in unsuspected places; that hard knocks can come from where they are least expected; and that there is little difference between good and evil, or between crime and innocence.

The meanest, most intolerant man I know is nearer eighty than seventy. He browbeats his wife, questions every halfpenny she spends, and goes out of his way to make her unhappy.

ARGUE IT OUT
★
By PALLAS

There is in this old curmudgeon neither the peace of mind that should come with age, nor that benign wisdom which age supposedly brings. He is just a bad, old man. And in his declining years he is as bitter and as cynical as any man could be.

All this may seem pointless. But it has been prompted by Mr. F. A. Broad, Labour M.P. for Edmonton, who recently told his constituents that he does not intend to seek re-election after the war.

Mr. Broad, who is nearly seventy, said then: "The world is rather cluttered up with older men, and I want to see the young people, in their enthusiasm and freshness of outlook, playing their part."

Here it seems is the real wisdom of age—the appreciation of what youth is fighting for to-day, and the realisation that youth must, and will, fight for the peace, too.

★ ★ ★

The Member for Edmonton is, alas, in a minority among our elders when the question of making way for youth is raised. There is still a lot of suspicion and intolerance in the House of Commons; still a lingering belief that politicians are in the "gas-house" by Divine providence.

They lack the "free and valiant heart of youth." They lack that fearless vision which must inspire the leaders of the world of to-morrow.

Many of them think in terms of personal prestige; some seek the bubble of publicity and don't care a great deal how that publicity is obtained.

They are full of praise for our young fighting men. They talk much of "making the world fit for youth" and of "youth's great chance"—yet seem highly reluctant to give youth the chance to make the world a saner place.

They will not realise that years do not make sages. But perhaps I am unduly harsh. Perhaps I am doing our elderly legislators an injustice.

They probably *do* feel that youth should be given a more important voice in the running of the country after the war than it has had in the past.

And I hope they feel that this time youth *knows* what it is fighting for. The issues are clear-cut. And no amount of subterfuge or evasion on the part of the politicians will cloud the vision of those who come back.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Sir JAMES GRIGG, Secretary of State for War

DEAR SIR JAMES,—It may seem inopportune at this critical juncture of the war to raise the question of publicity for our fighting men, but there is a considerable amount of public feeling about the way your department is handling—or mishandling—this problem.

A few days after Field-Marshal Lord Milne led a demand in the House of Lords for more publicity for Army units engaged in battle, and cited the undying courage of a battery which lost 95 per cent. of its officers and men in a furious battle, the War Office graciously lifted the veil on that battery's epic resistance.

But even then the veil was only partly lifted. Details of the 155th Battery's glorious stand were withheld. Who were the nine survivors? What was the name of the battery commander?

Your department's reply to inquiries was that the War Office did not know the name. But one newspaper published the commander's name and printed a picture of him.

Fame was won by the battery on February 26. Yet nearly four months later the War Office didn't know who had inspired the magnificent stand!

This isn't good enough. The nation has a right to know the names of its sons who have added lustre to the nation's history.

And the nation demands that names should be published NOW and not six or seven months later when decorations are awarded.

Is there shame in the glory of our fighting men? Can your department justify this deplorable inefficiency? And can there be any better form of propaganda than blazoning to the earth stories expressive of the fighting spirit of the British Army?

Tell the world, Sir James. And remember that he tells twice who tells quickly.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. RALPH ASSHETON, M.P., Financial Secretary of the Treasury

DEAR SIR,—I thought for a second I was back in the days of militant industrial expansion, when I read your address to the Engineering Industries Association.

You declared: "I believe profoundly that for the management of business, private enterprise, carrying with it the ruthless test of profit or loss—the true barometer of efficiency—is by far the best system that has ever been devised."

I will not stress what has been achieved by the Union of Soviets. But I will assert that if the old inefficient Tsarist Russia had been engaged in this struggle she would have been out in a couple of months—*and we would probably have been out, too.*

None will deny the efficiency of the industrial machine of Britain to-day. Profit and loss accounts have not achieved the miracles of production which we have seen in this country.

Many things in life are bigger than profits. The right of the worker to good living and ample leisure is one. The right of a wife to live in a decent home is another.

Industry is not a thing apart. It is part of the integral whole. And, profit or no profit, it must adapt itself to the new order which we all look forward to.

Men like you, who think only in terms of material things, have had their day—and a pretty rotten day it has turned out to be. Service to the community, not pursuit of profit, should be the guiding principle of industry.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ROBERT HUDSON, M.P., Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—Quite a few of my readers are complaining that golf courses in their districts are being expensively maintained solely for pleasure.

Mr. de la Bere, M.P., goes further. He says that 200 18-hole courses are bringing nothing into the national larder.

Five hundred miles of fairway are lying unproductive while dairy farmers are having to plough up useful pasture to increase our food supply!

And I can tell you something on this matter. I know three courses which, formerly grazed for sheep, are now using tractors to cut their fairways!

Because, you see, the recent ploughing-up of part of the courses makes it impossible to graze sheep any longer—there just isn't the fencing to stop the sheep from straying over the crops.

There is precious little consolation in your assurance that "everything possible is being done." It isn't.

County agricultural committees are dodging the issue. Unless they supply the wire fencing, the grazing order cannot be enforced.

Is the fencing available? They will not say. As Mr. de la Bere comments caustically, "only in rare cases do they do anything about it."

But you, too, are dodging the issue. You plead that it's all a question for the local committees; forgetting, apparently, that those committees are responsible to you.

And now it is time for *you* to give clear instructions that the grazing of sheep on Britain's golf courses must be made possible—and compulsory.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. CLEVELAND FYFE, Secretary, National Farmers' Union

DEAR MR. FYFE,—The bestowal on you of a knighthood is more than a personal honour; it is recognition of the wonderful service given the nation by the whole farming community.

Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to place on record my deep appreciation of the way the farmers have rallied to Britain's call for food. Lord Woolton has declared that farmers and their workers saved us from losing the war.

The sweat and toil of the farming community come back in terms of corn, potatoes, beet. Production is incredible, compared with what we grew four years ago.

It used to be fashionable to decry farmers, to accuse them of exploiting the consumer. Now they have come into their own. Not temporarily, I hope, but for all time.—JOHN BULL.

Lord SAMUEL, Elder Statesman

MY LORD,—Delicately you ask whether the big landowners are responsible for the "grave dissensions" in the Cabinet and the monstrous delay in giving effect to the Scott, Barlow and Uthwatt Reports.

The suspicion is indeed becoming widespread that the Government is afraid to annoy the powerful vested interests of the land.

And resentment, too, is growing.

National *and* local planning has to be held up because the Government will not make a decision.

As you say, unless plans are prepared now to prevent mass unemployment after the war—and the proper development of the land must be the keystone of such plans—"there would be a feeling of anger throughout the nation.' I needn't add anything to that warning!—JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM BEVERIDGE,

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—I am so ardent an admirer of your work as a social reformer that I dislike having to take you to task.

But I cannot let pass unchallenged the statement you made to New York welfare workers. . . . "Adventure begins with the well fed, who want more, not with the starving."

Surely you must agree that if in the past 200 years all the peoples of Europe had been well fed, there would be no United States of America as we know them to-day. Hunger and the fear of hunger was the dominant factor that sent emigrant families streaming across the Atlantic from the Old World to the New.

I'm all for people being well fed. If we achieve that we can dispense with some of the adventure.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. ANNIE NORRIS, Burchett's Green, near Cookham

DEAR MRS. NORRIS,—They call you the "ideal foster-mother," and your "unrivalled care and attention" to evacuee children has earned you the British Empire Medal.

Life has not endowed you with a great deal of worldly goods. But you had compensation in a warm, loving heart.

The little children you care for call you "Granny," and I feel that in their regard and affection you have more pride and greater reward than all the medals ever struck.—JOHN BULL.

★ When the "Little Ships" go into action at sixty miles an hour, anything may happen. And it usually does—as these stories of dash, skill and high courage will prove to you by their surprises

Ploughing through spume and spray at the speed of an express train, its young men are ready to tackle the Nazi E-boats in the real Nelson manner

When Hell's Let Loose in the Channel

BY day, by night, in fair weather and in foul, the "Little Ships" of the Royal Navy are forcing Hitler's E-boats on to the defensive, and in the narrow waters of the English Channel more blood battles are waged than in any of the Seven Seas.

In the Nelson manner, the young men of the high-speed motor torpedo-boats, motor gunboats and motor launches are proving far superior to their German counterparts.

It has been my pleasure, when in the Channel, to see these youngsters at "work" and "play." To them work is play; and play is work!

Outstanding among this generation of "Young Nelsons" is Lieutenant Derek Chappie Sidebottom, R.N.V.R. As tough as teak, and a born leader of men, you'd think he was a sailor by calling and breeding, but before the war, although a keen yachtsman in his spare moments, he worked as a chartered surveyor in the West End of London.

"Often we can go for days without seeing a Hun," one young rating told me the other afternoon, when we stood on a front-line quay; "yet, on some patrols, we see little else! You can take it from me, there's one big thrill aboard when we open up and hell's let loose in the Channel."

He need not have troubled, for I have experienced the "thrill"—and empty feeling in my stomach!—when death has ripped past my nose and German E-boats, feeling the weight of the Navy's "Spitfires"—the motor gunboats—have been torn into a million pieces of flying wood by red-hot lead.

To me this was a thrill! To the veterans of light coastal forces it's second nature.

That is why Lieutenant Sidebottom, when a flotilla of enemy craft were spotted hard to port, did not hurriedly issue orders. Cool and calm, he carefully studied the Nazis as they approached within range of his flotilla.

Brave Germans

But there are brave men to be found even among the Germans, and a hot reception in the form of a heavy concentration of fire from the two nearest boats resulted in the British craft close to Sidebottom altering course.

The lieutenant, glancing quickly about him, sensed the cause of the trouble: a particularly able gunner aboard an enemy boat some hundred yards to port.

As he prepared to give the order to change course a terrific burst of firing from the troublesome Hun knocked out four men standing beside Sidebottom on the bridge.

Quickly, for he realised that there was not a moment to lose, Sidebottom gripped the wheel as the badly wounded coxswain fell to the deck, and turned towards the enemy.

Out for revenge, he chased the retreating enemy. Twice a stream of cannon shells ripped dangerously over the bridge, but Sidebottom, fighting mad, was not put off.

Finally, by brilliant seamanship, he overtook the enemy, and, swinging in, rammed the Hun at full speed.

There was a crash as the little ship's bow hit deeply into the German's decks, and the impact of his strike nearly brought Sidebottom down.

Aboard the enemy craft there was consternation. Nazi seamen continued firing, although their aim was anything but good, while the engineer tried to get everything out of his powerful motor.

The move proved successful. The German boat "wriggled" free from the British craft, which was lying across her deck.

Revenge in Full

Next morning, however, the German crew were discovered floating on a Carley float in mid-Channel. You're right, Sidebottom, who had gone fighting mad when his comrades suffered at the hands of the Hun, revenged himself in full.

That's a way they have in light coastal forces. . . .

Their methods are not always of the "copy-book" style and often catch the enemy completely unawares. For instance, I know one young Scot, who serves aboard a gunboat, who for many weeks asserted to his shipmates that his greatest ambition was to board a German ship in mid-Channel and give a Nazi seaman a real knockout with his beefy right fist.

He even offered to wager that he would do this, and his bet was quickly accepted.

"We kidded him up that he was only boasting," one of his shipmates told me the other day. "We knew him to be a good boxer, but did not think he would take us seriously. He did."

During one fierce engagement in the Straits, when our light forces swept beneath the bows of German flak ships, the Scotsman's M.G.B. approached within a few yards of the enemy.

By some "mistake," he imagined that a boarding party was going on to the German flak ship. He leapt on to the enemy's deck.

Then he had an uncomfortable feeling; his craft began to drift away. "Jock's" alarm was increased when a tall and hefty Hun barred his path of escape.

Effective Blow

But he was soon in action. His hammer-like fist proved an effective "sleeping-draught" for the Hun.

When other Nazis appeared the Scot, having won the bet in full view of his shipmates, slid over the side into the sea. He'd been hauled safely aboard his own M.G.B. by the time the Germans, recovering from their surprise, turned their guns on the spot where the gunboat ought to have been.

They realised their mistake when, from the other side of the bridge, a terrific cannonade fired the flak ship, and they had to abandon it.

Sometimes, when star shells have been fired, the Straits have been lit up as if a summer sun had forced its way through the darkness.

On occasions it is far more dangerous. When, for example, a stray shell has entered the ammunition locker aboard one of the little ships as it darts around the battlefield like a streamlined greyhound of wood and steel.

I know two modest young fellows, with ammunition bursting around them, who kept on their guns, while the radio operator, at great personal risk, swept the burning munitions overboard.

During the course of this incident an E-boat approached close to the damaged gunboat, thinking she was a "sitting target." At that moment every weapon aboard the British craft barked, and the E-boat was lifted out of the water.

"What we aim to capture more than anything else is a Nazi flag," the coxswain of more than one light coastal craft has told me in confidence.

A young man I've met *has* secured one of these coveted trophies.

Captured Flag

One afternoon, in the course of a sweep, British gunboats came upon an equal number of enemy E-boats. There was an engagement, but the Germans on the French coast dare not open fire without the risk of hitting one of their own ships.

Then an M.G.B. succeeded in firing an enemy craft, and the Nazi crew, after a half-hearted attempt to extinguish the flames abandoned their craft.

This was the opportunity which a young sub-lieutenant had been dreaming about for months. He did not allow it to slip through his grasp. In full view of the enemy's coastal gunners, and with the battle raging about him, he clambered aboard the fast-sinking E-boat, tore the Swastika flag from the mast-head, and returned to his own boat just as the German craft slipped beneath the waves.

Then, enthusiastic over his victory, he turned his attention upon the remaining Huns, and with the backing of his comrades, helped drive the enemy back to their "funk-holes" on the French coast.

Unceasing Battle

Motor launches, and armed trawlers, also play vital rôles in this never-ceasing "Battle of the Channel," making sure that the enemy does not unduly interfere with the passage of our convoys.

German 'planes, on occasions, try to co-operate with E-boats, and during one such move a trawler, with several Dutchmen among her crew, decided to teach a cheeky Hun pilot a lesson.

Diving low on to the trawler, the airman gave the ship a "squirt" with his Me.'s deadly cannon, and a man fell. But three young Dutchmen, who had kept together since their forced flight from Holland, hurried to their ack-ack gun.

Quickly they directed a stream of lead at the Luftwaffe machine. And ripped its engine out of position. A few seconds later a tell-tale parachute, standing out like a daisy against the blue of a summer sky, told the Dutchmen that the Hun at the controls had baled out.

And when the pilot was hauled from the sea, those who had shot him down received a terrific shock. It was a former colleague at the little school they had attended in Holland!

He was a German-born youth who had returned to the Reich and become an ardent Nazi.

Now, thanks to the shooting skill of those who were once his friends, he has opportunity, and time, to think over the error of his ways.

Surprise, did you say? Not on your life! When hell breaks loose in the Channel, anything can happen.

And it usually does!

MODEL BOMB TOWN

AS if there were not enough arms towns in Germany where bombs are raining down, the *Gestapo* chief Himmler is organising air raids in a specially built town.

It was designed by bomb experts to enable tens of thousands of Germans to learn fire-fighting.

Now its streets are holed by craters, many of its houses are in ruins, water mains are broken.

By day and night the sirens wail, explosions shatter the buildings, firemen and clearance workers rush to the spot.

The Nazis claim that one hundred large fires can be started simultaneously, giving the trainees plenty of experience during their six weeks' course.

Thousands of boys between the ages of fourteen and sixteen are among these learners!

They have been drenched in water, nearly choked with smoke, burned by fires, and deafened by the roar of artificial bombs and guns.

Already men from Air Raid Town have been rushed to the Rhone and the Ruhr to help the distracted authorities to cope with real raid effects.

As a result of the scheme, Himmler boasts of having 3,000,000 trained fire-fighters available

They will all be needed, no doubt! W. F.

UNLOCK THE DOOR

★ *This war, like the last, may end with unexpected suddenness. And this time we must not be caught unprepared for peace. Leaders and experts of the United Nations should draw up their plans now!*

By A. G. GARDINER

THERE have been three well-defined phases in the war. The first was the blitzkrieg. That lasted the first year and ended with the Battle of Britain. The second was the phase of recovery. That lasted two years and ended with Stalingrad and El Alamein. The third is the counter-stroke now in progress.

It is worth recalling, for the purpose I have in view, that the last war also had three phases—the German avalanche that was stopped at the Battle of the Marne; the long trench war that ended with the disaster to our Fifth Army; our recovery, and the sudden collapse of Germany.

I draw no conclusions from the comparison except this: At the beginning of the third phase the issue of the war seemed less certain then and at least as remote in June, 1918, as it does in June, 1943.

Yet it came with a sudden shock on the heels of Germany's most sensational victory.

It caught us unprepared for our own victory—still worse, unprepared for the peace. The dire result we know. The shambles that has been made of Europe, for the second time in living memory, is the penalty.

The peace was lost for two main reasons: There was no agreed post-war policy for world reconstruction, and the United States deserted the peace that was conceived in the heated atmosphere of Versailles.

* * *

WE HAVE BEEN WARNED. IF THE TRAGEDY OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO IS NOT TO BE REPEATED, VICTORY MUST NOT CATCH US UNPREPARED AGAIN. WE MUST HAVE A POLICY, AND WE MUST ALL STAND INFLEXIBLY TOGETHER TO SEE IT THROUGH.

Who are the "we" concerned? Primarily the four nations whose power and sacrifice have brought victory in sight—Britain, Russia, the United States and China.

They represent four-fifths of the earth's population, four-fifths of the earth's surface, not less than four-fifths of the earth's potentialities.

And they are all inspired by the same motive of freedom in a world under the Rule of Law.

If this quadrilateral can stand four-square to the peace as it stands four-square to the war, there will be no danger of a repetition of the tragedy of 1914-18. There is good ground for hope.

The United States is unlikely to turn her back on Europe again. She is much more deeply committed to seeing the thing through this time than last.

Japan's intervention has killed isolationism beyond resurrection, and every sane

It was this battleship meeting of President and Prime Minister that resulted in the Atlantic Charter. But it hasn't been decided yet how the Charter can be put into effect

American knows that henceforth the world is one and indivisible for good or ill.

Moreover, Roosevelt, if not a greater man, is a far more skilful politician than Wilson was.

And among all the encouraging factors none is more cheering than the marvellous understanding and sympathy which he and Churchill have established.

* * *

Not less hopeful is the changed position of Russia. Stalin's abolition of the Comintern has removed the stumbling-block to complete co-operation with the United States, and the victory in Tunisia has dispelled all suspicions on the part of Russia.

The fact that Russia is not at war with Japan somewhat complicates the relations of the three principals in regard to the war. It necessarily leaves Stalin outside discussions which are concerned with the Eastern theatre no less than the Western.

But it creates no obstacle to the fullest co-operation in drafting the new World Order.

We may confidently hope that when Roosevelt and Stalin meet—and they cannot meet too soon—the peace programme and the consolidation of the Anglo-Russo-American alliance to carry that programme through will engage as much of their attention as the prosecution of the war.

In the meantime, our own Twenty Years' Treaty of Alliance with Russia has given a timely lead for the collaboration of Britain, Russia and America in the task of organising the world on a peace basis.

THE COROLLARY OF THIS IS THAT THE EXPERTS OF ALL THE THREE POWERS SHOULD BE WORKING OUT THE DETAILS OF THE PEACE IN ALL ITS RAMIFICATIONS—ECONOMIC, POLITICAL, FINANCIAL, TERRITORAL.

* * *

We have had the basis of the policy laid down in Mr. Roosevelt's four freedoms and the Atlantic Charter. But these are only general ideals, and the end of the war must find us at much closer grips with the multitude of problems that will have to be solved.

Many of these problems cannot be finally settled until the nations directly concerned are round the table.

For the business of the principals is not to impose a peace, but to give an authoritative lead to the peace the world wants.

There are certain large matters, of course, in which their voice must be decisive, for they have borne the burden of the war and their power will be the only guarantee of the peace.

They will have to deal with immediate problems such as the disarmament of the enemy, the feeding of the starving populations, the salvaging of the wreck of Europe, the preservation of order, the rounding up and punishment of the murder gangs, and so on.

Urgent matters like these cannot be left to a peace conference. And with regard to the conference it is to be hoped that more wisdom will be shown in the choice of the place and time of meeting than was shown in 1919.

Before the World Parliament that is to lay the foundations of a new World Order meets, tempers must have had time to cool and vision and statesmanship time to survey the biggest task that has ever fallen to the lot of man to fulfil.

* * *

That task is to abolish force in the affairs of men and to establish the rule of law and justice over the whole earth. Nothing less will serve.

The world henceforth is one. Hitler sought to make it one under the terror of Might. He has failed. We have to make it one under the sanctions of Right.

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Invasion—The Empire's Biggest

MY work has given me opportunities of speaking to generals on invasion.

Not THE invasion. They are oysters on that subject.

But their very general talks have shown me that THE invasion—our first leap forward at the very throat of Hitler—is going to be the biggest and most hazardous adventure in the not altogether unadventurous history of this Empire of ours.

★ ★ ★

Some very remarkable figures have just been released showing what transport is needed to move a division of 12,000 to 20,000 men.

Just 179,101 packing-cases for the Great Start. Then, to get to the coast, just 1,216 ten-ton trucks for the arms and equipment and eight trains for the men.

To cross the ocean, seven 10,000-ton ships. And much else.

But an army consists of something more than infantry divisions.

I remember being shown a nice, neat gun-park crowded with bridging equipment.

A mere flea-bite in any major military operation.

But the equipment laid out before me, with its transport, would have filled fifteen 10,000-ton ships.

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The three master Powers must face all the implications of this challenge without flinching. It means sacrifices, but there is no other way.

And in the end the rewards will outweigh the sacrifices. For in a world relieved from fear and free from the waste of war there will be sufficiency for all, security for all and justice for all.

The door, in the late Lord Grey's phrase, is "locked on the inside." And he added, as his last comment on the war that he strove so hard to avoid, "Learn or perish."

The world did not learn and it has nearly perished.

WE MUST NOT RUN THE HAZARD AGAIN. WE MUST TURN THE KEY OF THE LOCKED DOOR THIS TIME SO RESOLUTELY THAT THE PRISON SHALL NEVER CLOSE ON HUMANITY AGAIN.

And the time to press on with the unlocking is now. We must not wait, as we did last time, for the victory and the peace. We must have our minds clear and our plans ready.

The splendid example of the Hot Springs conference shows us the way. It has blazed the path to deliverance in one direction. The financial plans of Lord Keynes and Mr. Morgenthau have blazed it in another.

Similar exploratory schemes, political, legal, economic, social, should engage the experts of the grand alliance, all working to find the greatest common measure of agreement in the peace.

Victory may surprise us by its suddenness, as it surprised us in 1918. Let us see that it does not find us unprepared as it found us then.

ire's Biggest Task

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As to the men, every man has to be as fit as a fiddle.

Doctors and dentists will have worked day and night to ensure that.

As to the goods, nothing will be missing. Every transportable surgical and medical appliance known to science will be there. Even all the aspirin tablets for the slightly sick.

Even the distilled water—without which no armoured division could get power from its batteries to move an inch or speak a word.

★ ★ ★

There must be money for the men—in the currency of the country they are invading.

And for paying civilians for work and goods. We don't purloin.

And all the time there has to be perfect liaison between land, sea and air arms—the most urgent necessity of all, and calling for a vast complexity of plans.

To make everything more difficult, a vast invasion force has to move as a phantom army till the moment comes for revealing itself.

Then all its guns and wireless communications burst into tumult simultaneously, and nothing must fail.

Minds trained in ordinary peace time vocations cannot grasp the immensity of the problems of invasion.

MAURICE FAGENCE.

★ Hitler has always dreamed of challenging Britain on the high seas. Now, even though his U-boats are failing in their task, he hopes that Grand Admiral Doenitz may bring him "peace for a year" in which to organise new offensives

Can this Juggler Save Hitler?

HITLER expects Grand Admiral Doenitz, U-boat expert and chief of the Nazi navy, to save him from defeat!

It seems a vain hope when even that indefatigable liar and juggler with uncontrollable figures is forced to admit that Germany's submarine warfare is less successful now than it used to be.

It sounds crazy if you consider that the German navy has not ventured out to sea ever since its biggest ship, *Bismarck*, was sunk on one of its rare cruises.

Yet it has always been Hitler's secret intention to challenge Britain on the high seas. A sea Power, he argued long ago, must be beaten at sea.

Reliant on U-boats

And now that the *Luftwaffe* has lost its superiority and his armies have experienced defeat he counts on U-boats and surface ships to create for him the strategic conditions under which alone he can survive.

His whole plan, indeed, of obtaining "peace for a year"—a year in which to rally his resources for new offensives—is based on the German navy.

Do not be deceived by the frank Nazi admissions of the recent failure of U-boats. Even though Allied convoys and successful anti-submarine measures are responsible for it, there is more behind it than meets the eye.

For three years of the war Doenitz directed his U-boats in a rigorous blockade of Britain. To starve this country into surrender was his chief task.

To offset the full industrial power of the U.S.A. and the vast reservoir of American troops was the immediate object of Germany's submarine warfare.

It has done tremendous damage. It has deprived the Allies of valuable cargoes and ships into the building of which essential labour has been invested.

But the U-boats never came within sight of achieving their object.

Now Hitler has set them a more limited yet almost even more important task.

Before his armies can be challenged in earnest on the Continent of Europe, he argues, the sea surrounding his Fortress must be crossed.

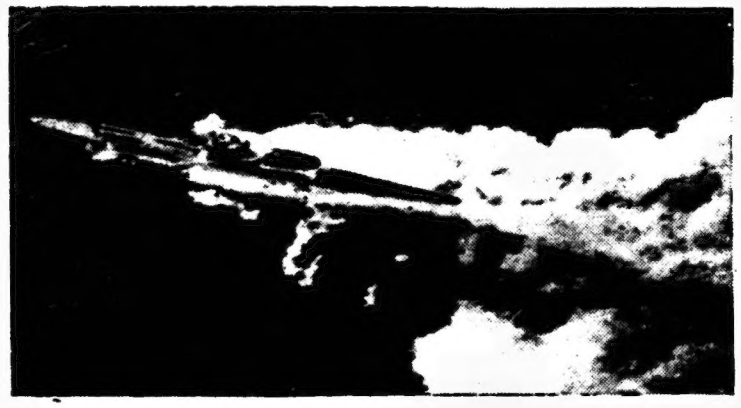
Advance troops, it is true, can be dropped from the air; gliders can carry tens of thousands of men over the allegedly impregnable wall around Europe.

But, eventually, only ships can transport the numbers needed for battle with his armies; only ships can carry supplies for the R.A.F. and America's Flying Fortresses if they are to operate from European bases.

Advanced Battle Area

As in the west so in the south of Europe. No doubt Hitler had written off Pantellaria, perhaps even Sardinia and Sicily, at the time of his defeat in Tunisia.

But he will always try to use his U-boats when the British Navy must keep armies of occupation in these islands well supplied.



Yet another U-boat meets its doom. Soon, perhaps, Germany's surface warships will emerge from their long seclusion —to provide new targets for the Royal Navy and the R.A.F.

"The high seas around Europe," a Nazi commentator wrote recently, "are by no means a no man's land! They are our advanced battle area."

And even if his armies need rest and the *Luftwaffe* must replenish its reserves, while German and Continental industry must try to evade the bombs and repair the damage, Hitler means to fight in that advanced battle area with the only weapon he can control.

Doenitz, the ingenious improvisator, thinks he has a plan by which he can help his Fuehrer. This nautical desperado, who is responsible for the deaths of thousands of innocent people, whose U-boat crews have flaunted the most primitive rules of war, is as eager as his chief to escape the punishment that awaits him.

He thinks he can send his submarines into the Mediterranean even if the Axis loses control of it. As he has done before, he will order pre-fabricated parts to be taken by river or rail to Mediterranean bases.

Ready for Defence

What can be saved of the Italian navy will have to obey his orders to fight when it suits Hitler.

And even invasion blows in other directions should find the U-boats ready for defensive warfare which is now the key-note of Hitler's strategy.

And if the U-boats become more and more vulnerable to Allied attacks and the ingenious devices of anti-submarine warfare, it is the fleet of tiny little ships which Hitler built that are to step into the breach.

E-boats, R-boats—there is hardly a letter in the alphabet which does not describe a type of ship in Hitler's midget navy.

Carrying one or two torpedoes, they will, according to Doenitz's plan, roam the sea in safe distance from the Continental coast, always trying to "get" a big Allied ship.

If they succeed the prize is great. If they are lost it does not cost much to replace them.

Accompanied by small flak ships, such squadrons are intended to hamper Allied invasion attempts, supply ships and even troop transports until such time as the threatened sector of the Atlantic Wall can receive reinforcements of troops and 'planes.

In the last resort Doenitz, of course, intends to call the surface ships into action. Unlike Raeder, his predecessor, he is no advocate of a "fleet in being," of the theory that the existence of a few German capital ships must always tie down large forces of the British Navy to watch them.

Waiting to Fight

Doenitz is waiting only for a chance to fight. That he is gambler enough to risk his most valuable units in a challenge of Britain's powerful naval squadrons nobody who really knows him ever doubted. He will, probably, do it even if it means losing them all, if only their interference can postpone invasion.

That, of course, is the key to the Doenitz strategy. He has promised Hitler that he will buy time for him as long as he is allowed to pay the price

And Hitler, who confessed to have bought time at Stalingrad and Tunis at the cost of a million lives, will not shrink from sacrificing a few ships.

We know the men and we know the plan. It is, as is most of the devilries conceived in the brains of these megalomaniac gangsters, a dangerous project. Hitler and Doenitz will shrink from nothing to achieve its success.

Bad Estimation

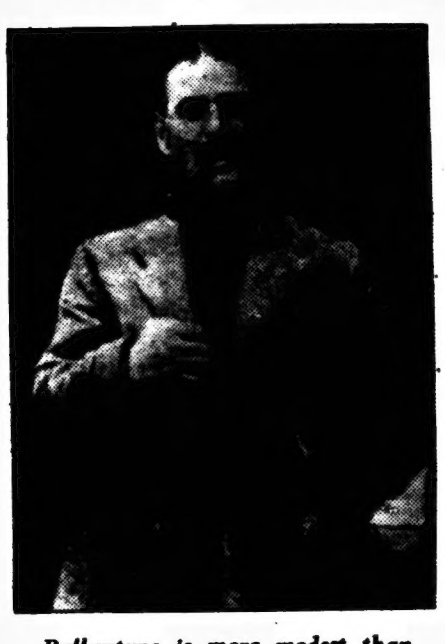
But it has one vital fault. It is based on under-estimate of the Royal Navy. It is born out of that fundamental ignorance of the contingencies of sea-power which no German can escape.

"The Germans are a nation of land-lubbers!" said Bismarck. And Britain will "teach them a lesson" when they come to meet her at sea.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

BOGUS BARONETS NOW REAP RICHES



Ballantyne is more modest than many imposters. He poses only as a major — most call themselves "baronets" or "knights"

WE were appealed to recently by the father of a W.A.A.F. who wanted to marry a baronet.

At least, he said he was a baronet.

He was actually an able and good-looking fellow who was serving at her station as a flight-sergeant, and he had informed the girl that he was a wealthy, titled man who preferred to keep quiet about his status rather than get any advantage from an accident of birth.

MANY CONVICTIONS

Far from being a baronet, he proved to be a crook with several convictions for fraud.

In my opinion, masquerades of this type have reached a point at which official action is imperative.

For never before have there been so many people about using bogus titles and high Service ranks.

Such people are always a danger to society. And now, in war time, when it is so essential to the safety of the realm that the identity of every citizen should be well established to the authorities, the danger is increased a hundredfold.

It is a fact that, at the moment, Scotland Yard is being kept very busy by people who are moving about the country purporting to be colonels, majors, wing-commanders, group-captains and so on.

One of their investigations in fact—and many women have been tricked by the imposition—concerns a man who is posing as a fully fledged general.

GROWING PROBLEM

Masquerades of this type are far more rife than is suggested by the number of cases reaching the courts.

Indeed, the editorial directors of *Debrett*, foremost authority of titles and famous families, are always being asked for information about people who prove to be imposters.

The editor told me: "The problem grows more serious every day.

"Only this morning I had a letter from a distressed father asking me to check up on certain facts regarding a lady whom his son had married recently, and who claimed to be the daughter of a knight whose name or origin cannot be traced anywhere.

"The other day it was the other way round. It was the case of a daughter who was being imposed on by a man who claimed to be a baronet.

"He was nothing of the kind, and as the couple had fortunately not been married I was in time to prevent a tragedy."

My informant stressed the point that full publicity was the best antidote to such poison.

And, that being so, I throw a floodlight on some of the worst cases reported to me.

Not long ago a leading national paper announced that the wedding had taken place, at a very renowned church and in the most stylish surroundings, of a person who was described as "Wing Commander Sir Donald Jackson, D.F.C."

MYTHICAL WEALTH

Not long afterwards the woman he married found that his alleged wealth was mythical and that the stories he told her during their brief courtship turned out one by one to be false.

The Air Ministry was consulted by the newspaper which had been deceived, and inquiries then revealed that there was no such Wing-Commander, D.F.C., nor, in fact, was the person concerned ever even in the Air Force!

The Home Office which keeps all records of genuine baronetcies was approached and reported that there was no such baronet either.

And, by the time the people this impostor had deceived discovered the tragic fact that he had a wife already, and had, therefore, committed bigamy, "Wing-Commander Sir Donald Jackson, D.F.C." had disappeared.

Many years ago, when sharepushing was rife, and JOHN BULL was devoting much space to bogus company promoters, I often came across a social philanderer named Maurice Hutcheson Ballantyne.

He was a director of several companies we then exposed, but in 1939, when he fled from bankruptcy proceedings, I lost sight of him.

Towards the end of last year, I saw him in a Piccadilly hotel, wearing a beard, a monocle and a Brigade of Guards tie.

I made inquiries to find that the police were interested in his movements. For he was now cutting a big figure in social circles, posing as a major of the Scots Guards, and telling dupes absorbing stories of his alleged work for the Secret Service.

LIVED BY HIS WITS

Ballantyne did his stuff so well that he was regularly entertained by important people in country mansions as well as at West End hotels and clubs, and his bogus "Major" rôle helped him tremendously in living luxuriously by his wits.

I saw him again ten days ago.

He was then in the dock at Bow Street Police Court, where Mr. McKenna, the magistrate, sent him to jail for three months for his impudent impostures.

Only three months, you say.

Yes, this "plausible adventurer," as Ballantyne was described in court by Det.-Inspector Callaghan, of Scotland Yard, *was* lucky to get off so lightly. But the magistrate knew that he was due to go into the real Services soon!

And the fact that he's been brought to book affords some satisfaction.

But his is one case in scores.

Indeed, bogus "baronets" and the like are flourishing better than ever before.

It would be much more gratifying if a real, concerted official drive, of the kind I've suggested above, were started to round up many of the similar impostors now masquerading so freely.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. C. J. Lenan, Curntawe Road, Ystradgynlais, Swansea, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for interesting information.

Readers are invited to write about any suspected ramp or swindle. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

CAN GERMAN YOUTH BE SAVED?

● I am afraid that Henry Wallace's belief that German youth can be re-educated to develop "a peaceful, worth-while purpose in life" is based on his own philosophic optimism.

Only the bombing of German towns can blow to smithereens the idea of a "master race" which is all that the young Nazis have heard for ten years.

Only the defeat of all the "Nordic" nonsense, on land, on the sea, and in the air, can undo the poisonous teaching of Hitler's tame professors and stooge schoolmasters.

A compulsory sight, every day, of films of German defeats, and compulsory lessons, morning after morning, about the lying graft, corruption and cruelty of the Nazi leaders, might in the end do some good.

But there is little hope, I am afraid, of the present generation. Its children, if rescued early enough, may prove a better one.

Besides, who is to do the teaching?

WHY SO MUCH "PENSIONS" TALK?

● Most people in the country favour higher pensions—for wounded soldiers, for bereaved families, and for the 3,000,000 old people.

There is scandalous want among the aged. Discharged soldiers and their dependants are the victims of meanness.

Yet the Ministry of Pensions quibbles.

"Why?" I am asked.

This is due to the hard-hearted Treasury, which is tied to old-fashioned ideas of finance.

It was not the fault of the Minister, except that he acquiesces. It is the fault of those who fail to recognise that if the System cannot afford social justice the System must be changed.

CAN BOMBING ALONE DO THE TRICK?

● Hitler, but for the incomparable skill of the R.A.F., would have beaten us by air attack. Even despite it, he might have done so had he concentrated his bombing instead of spreading it out.

Now our Prime Minister has almost said, if not in so many words, that we can bomb Germany into collapse, adding: "At least there will be no harm in trying."

Old-fashioned soldiers claimed that Germany would have to be beaten on the field.

We can now achieve, apparently, more with the loss of thirty 'planes with crews numbering fewer than two hundred men than we could do at a cost of thousands of invading soldiers.

IS POSTAL JUSTICE A GOOD PLAN?

● The new scheme of allowing defendants to plead guilty to minor offences by post—formerly it was a grave act of discourtesy to a Bench if you did not turn up in court—saves both time and man-power.

Yet a defendant might plead guilty by post to save himself time and trouble, whether he were guilty or innocent, and then find in some later year that his conviction was a serious embarrassment to him.

In Italy, when I was last there, policemen stopped you for some motoring offence and fined you on the spot.

If you did not want to pay, you had to turn up in court at the waste of both time and money. So the practice developed of raising revenue from foreigners by accusing them of things they hadn't done.

SHE'S IN THE NEWS AGAIN

MADAME MONTAGUE LAWRENCE, Ph.D., P.S.D., M.S.D., M.S.O.M., of Sloane Square, Chelsea, London, whose various activities we recently exposed under the title of "This 'Royal' Healer is Dangerous," is in the news again.

At one time or another she has been described as a world-famous Consulting Psychologist, Psycho-Therapist, Specialist in Nervous and Mental Disorders, Clairvoyant, Psychic Healer and Health Practitioner. A more fitting description consists of two words — *heartless charlatan*.

Within a fortnight of our recent article this woman was charged at Marlborough Street Police Court for professing to tell fortunes.

She had told two women investigators, who paid her respective fees of a guinea and half a guinea, a lot of rubbish, and in addition had offered to find both of them a husband if they each paid five guineas to join her "Friendship and Marriage Circle."

Madame, who claims to be "Under Royal Patronage," was fined £10 with costs, and was sternly warned by the magistrate, Mr. Sandbach, that she would go to prison if she came before him again on a similar charge.

Her "Friendship and Marriage Circle" is one of those wretched agencies JOHN BULL has long since condemned. . . .

A new one just added to our long black-list is the Imperial Correspondence Club, of Old Steine, Brighton.

Its secretary is a Mr. H. B. Edwards, who professes to arrange introductions for an annual fee of 15s., though cases where clients only want to take advantage of his services for six months he accepts a half-fee of 7s. 6d.

Many agencies now pester people who reply to their advertisements with "follow-up" letters. One reader, who answered a number and then decided to have nothing to do with any of them, is obtaining a considerable amount of salvage in this way.

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GLOBAL WAR OF WORDS

SAGAS OF THE SUBURBS

No. 4.—BLACKHEATH

By WILL SCOTT

THERE was something about Miss Julia and Tranquil Vale together that made the First Floor think of Valentines.

Tranquil Vale, with its hilly little streets, tree-lined and leaf-spattered, and its craziest of crazy pavements (which made you feel like a fly walking up an orange), was for all the world like an illustration strayed out of "Trilby"; and Miss Julia herself didn't look a day older than the fifties of last century.

It took the First Floor's mind back to the days when lots of people must have been called Miss Julia, to the old-fashioned days when such names and such prim ladies were not old-fashioned at all.

It was all (as he would have said if he'd said anything) Very Nice. But he didn't say anything. He wasn't a man of words.

On Saturdays, when he wasn't in the City, he would carry her little shopping bag for her from shop to shop in the hilly little streets, or help her to walk her dog as far as the pond on Blackheath and back.

When she said (as she often did) that Tranquil Vale was good enough for her and always had been, and that she could not understand people who had to go dashing about all over the world in search of Fresh Places, he would nod soberly.

He seemed so little interested that really she couldn't be very much interested in him.

She couldn't know that he was wondering about how you went to the business of proposing to Miss Julia and settling down with her here on the edge of Blackheath for ever.

She knew that he went to the City five days a week, but he never said what about. He was a nice man, always willing to help, but he never said anything.

And then, one stormy September day, Cap came.

Cap came and settled. He settled in the second floor back.

Tranquil Vale, with its hilly little streets, tree-lined and leaf-spattered, and its craziest of crazy pavements, was for all the world like an illustration strayed out of "Trilby"; and Miss Julia herself didn't look a day older than the fifties of last century

CAP was like a typhoon. He barged about and talked in a loud voice. He had a face the colour of an old floor, and he bumped into things when he moved. He was what you called Breezy.

In the first minute or so he let you know that he had been one hundred and fourteen times across the Atlantic. He made you think (if *you* hadn't been one hundred and fourteen times across the Atlantic) of Margate sands on a day in July.

It was the masts at Greenwich that made him settle at Blackheath. And the riverside pubs where old salts gathered. And the breezy walk across the heath to and from.

And he talked and he talked and he talked. About the skyscrapers of New York. About the Golden Gate of 'Frisco. About the rollers on the beaches at Miami.

Talking all the time. . . . And then, at last, looking. *Looking at Miss Julia.* . . .

And you didn't, then, have to tell the First Floor what the game was.

"The captain's such an *interesting* man, don't you think?" said Miss Julia. "He's been *everywhere*. I could listen to him for *hours*."

"Oh!" thought the First Floor.

And that night, when they were sitting round the mahogany table in the old parlour, he put his pipe away and started. It was, he had realised, Now or Never.

Cap was saying something about the time when it took him four days to get from Porto Bon to the Landward Island.

"I don't see," said the First Floor, to everybody's surprise (his own included), "how you could have done it under five days."

"Well, four or five," said Cap. "It's years ago now. I've forgotten."

"Five," said the First Floor.

Cap looked like a teacher who has been interrupted by a rude little scholar.

"Anyway," he went on, "it was a long time. The winds——! There's nowhere on this earth where you get winds like those off Landward Island."

"You ought to try," said the First Floor, "the southernmost tip of Patagonia. You'd be astonished!"

Cap gaped at him.

"I didn't know you'd been about," he said.

The First Floor coughed modestly

"There is no part of this earth with which I am unfamiliar," he answered.

And he gave Cap a dose of the South Pacific. And when Cap tried to work in a bit about the North Pacific the First Floor put down the China Seas like a trump card. He crossed Thibet and worked his way along the Siberian Coast and left Cap speechless.

And when Cap went to bed—early—Miss Julia was looking at the First Floor with admiration in her eyes.

"Do you know," she said, "I never thought you'd ever been anywhere but the City. I could listen to you two talking for hours!"

(You *two*! All right, thought the First Floor, I'll soon see about that.)

After which it became a duel, and a one-sided duel at that.

Cap had only to produce some place 5,000 miles away for the First Floor to produce some place 10,000 miles away.

Cap had only to play a shark off Sydney Harbour for the First Floor to slap down a whole school of whale off Spitzbergen.

"What an interesting life you must have led," said Miss Julia.

●

ONE morning, as they walked down Tranquil Vale to the shops, Miss Julia had some news for Cap. She and the First Floor were to be married in the Spring.

"And really," added Miss Julia, "it's your fault."

"Mine?" said Cap.

"Well, he's not a great talker," Miss Julia explained, "and he might never have got to it if you two hadn't started exchanging notes. It—well—started him off, if you see what I mean."

"Well, I'll be—— Really?" said Cap. "Well, can you beat that!"

And a long time after: "Nice chap, mind. And how he has been about in his time. I thought I knew a bit about this little old world. I've been to a good few places. . . . But he's been everywhere. I suppose he'll be dragging you round when it's over."

"Oh, no," said Miss Julia, "we're both agreed on that. Tranquil Vale is good enough for us. Of course, he'll want it quiet now. And I always did. Just somewhere, as he puts it, to hang our hats up."

The First Floor, at that moment, was hanging his own hat up behind a frosted glass door off Cannon Street. A door on the front side of which were the words in big letters: *Harberd and Fitch, Mapmakers to Mankind.* And in small letters: *Publishers of the famous Albion Atlas.*

HUMAN MACHINE

ARE YOU A1?

● How would you define a "first-class" person, an A1 class of man? A modern biographer of Julius Cæsar says of him: "He had a faculty, common to first-rate people, of extending his powers to the highest when the greatest demands were made upon them."

It sounds remarkably simple. To be A1, all you have to do is your best. To be first rate, all you have to do is to work your hardest when you have most to do, when your problem is most difficult to solve.

If we can't all do this to the extent to which Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, Winston Churchill did (or do) it, we can at least try to do it to the utmost of our abilities.

The trouble is we don't try. Very few people really try to give their all. They give a good deal, but they don't often do anything with all their hearts and souls and minds, with every thought and with every fibre of their beings.

Yet nothing less qualifies them A1.

You can always do a little more than you have hitherto done, a little more than you think possible at the moment. We mostly are content to be a little below our best. We can change that just when we like.

Everybody Knows Old Know-all

IT doesn't matter what I have in hand; old Know-all pops up. If I'm putting out my tomatoes he pops up over the garden fence.

"You're not putting tomatoes out, are you?" he asks, looking anxious for me.

If I say I was thinking of it he shakes his head.

"I *shouldn't*," he says, looking wise. "Not until the wind's from the west."

If I'm painting the garden fence he looks quite worried about it.

"You're not going to use that, are you?" he asks, pointing to the big tin of "Stayputte" paint I've just bought and am very proud of.

And if I say "Yes," he sticks out his lower lip and puts on a grave look.

"I *shouldn't*," he says. "Not 'Stayputte.' You know what it's made of, don't you?"

If, in peace time, he finds out that I'm going to Seaweed Bay for my holidays, he becomes quite fatherly.

"I *shouldn't*," he says. "Not Seaweed Bay. The air's no good for a man with a weak head, like you. You ought to try Shrimpsands. It would make a new man of you."

Or if, still in peace time, I'm thinking of buying a ten-horse Shudderleigh four-seater:

"I *shouldn't*, really. Not a Shudderleigh. A ghastly job. What *you* want is a Sardine Six."

Whenever I make a move of any kind, old Know-all pops up.

"I *shouldn't*," he says. "Not *that*." And he tells me why, at great length.

Old Know-all is a menace. If I listened to him I'd never get up in the morning before eight or after eight, never go to bed before midnight or after midnight, never wear blue, never breathe.

Because everything I plan to do is always wrong, according to old Know-all.

The odd thing about him is that if I decide to put out my tomatoes when the wind *is* in the west, or use 'Neverfade' on the garden fence, or go to Shrimpsands for my holidays, or buy a Sardine Six, or anything like that, he always shakes his head and says "I *shouldn't*."

Everybody knows old Know-all. *You* know him. No doubt you listen to his advice sometimes. I don't see how you can help it.

But if you're seriously thinking of acting on his advice, then permit me to shake my head and say, as solemnly as I can:

"I *shouldn't*."

Because if you start you might as well be dead.

A. G.

★ If you are in doubt write to Humanist, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page without, of course, giving your name)

SERVICEMEN'S SAVINGS AREN'T STOLEN BY THE STATE!

FULLY one-third of the problems submitted by readers are concerned with money matters.

There are plenty of variations on the one theme—balancing the domestic budget, personal allowances for wives, pocket money for children, feuds over a will, and so on; but lately a new subject has appeared.

This is what a woman reader says:

The other day, I was having a conversation with a person who had been witnessing a will.

The person who was making the will has £100 in Savings Certificates, but had been told that it was unnecessary to include these because the Government confiscated all Savings Certificates of anyone deceased.

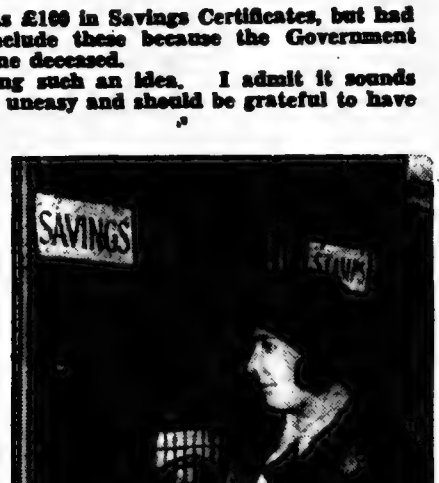
You may think me a nitwit for believing such an idea. I admit it sounds fantastic, but at the same time I am a bit uneasy and should be grateful to have a definite answer.

The letter dealt with another subject which I answered by post, but this first query has a more general interest. The idea is fantastic, of course, but to make assurance doubly sure I got into touch with the National Savings Committee.

I found that a similar story had been going the rounds about Service men killed in action—that their Savings Certificates were appropriated by the State!

Whoever started the lie must have meant mischief. That the same story was now being applied to civilians was new to the heads of the National Savings Committee.

I suggested that the rumour should be scotched through the B.B.C., and I am hoping that readers may have heard it before this gets into print.



Wisely, she pays no attention to the monstrous rumour that Saving Certificates may be filched by the State

HERE is a problem from a worried mother:

My husband is serving in Africa. I have one child and my Army pay is £2 1s. 6d. per week. When our "Wings for Victory" Week took place recently, the teachers asked children to bring savings every day to school.

I gave my little boy something the first morning, but when I could not give him more next day he was broken-hearted.

He said the other children were taking pounds to school, but many of the fathers are earning big money. How can I make the boy understand why other children can take so much and why he can't?

The boy is evidently very young. If he were older he would be proud to think that his father was in the Fighting Forces, and proud, too, of the way his mother was carrying on in spite of difficulties.

Instead of feeling inferior to the other children he would feel as good as the best of them.

I think a little talk by the head teacher would have put matters right. It would prevent soldiers' children from feeling "out of it."

A third problem—from a Service man this time—hinges on the same problem of money. He asks:

What would happen if the Forces went on strike for higher pay? Day after day one reads in the paper about agitations for higher wages and shorter hours. . . .

I recently met a fellow on a 'bus who told me he had been paying £300 a year in income tax and was the owner of a couple of cars. He was very indignant because he had been called up! How did the Government expect his wife to live on a mere pittance? How could he keep going on Army pay?

This country still possesses people like this—people who demand all the luxuries of peace time and are loath to give up the smallest comforts in order to shorten the struggle.

I suggest that they should be dumped into a concentration camp for a few weeks. That would cause a change of tune. What do you say?

We don't use these Fascist methods here, but I do understand how the writer felt. I have met some of these utterly selfish people, but there are not many of them left.

Something altogether new is happening in the world to-day. Mankind will refuse to accept the miseries and hardships that they have borne in the past.

TAXATION is a levelling force which cannot be evaded. We shall all have to make sacrifices for years to come, but a civilised State cannot allow some of its citizens to exist in poverty while others have more than enough.

We shall not leave things to chance again. The new world will have to be planned—or perish. The war, the aeroplane, and machinery are compelling us to think ahead and to reconstruct our social life.

I am told there are still people who expect to return to the world of pre-1914! The story of Rip Van Winkle might interest them.

WHEN WE GET HOME

WHEN Life resumes its old familiar shape, and we are once again with those most dear, let none of us have cause for heart's regret, nor spoil our great reunion with a tear. Let us be able to take up the old threads, with thankfulness and pride, and not with shame, let's brush aside temptations that now ply, remembering those we love, and play the game.

LET not the hectic moments at our hand bedazzle us to do the thing that's wrong, although we feel that we must have relief from hardships and the cares that round us throng. Let us keep memories bright which meant so much, when they were living moments filled with Love, let us not lean upon our own frail will, but seek the help we need from God above.

LET us look upwards when our Faith burns low, because when times are hard Faith can grow dim, when circumstance defies us and we seem as if our lives were poised upon Hell's Rim. But let us keep that hope within our soul, which will enable us to carry through, to better days, and happier times ahead, when Life will be the Life we loved and knew.

WHEN Life resumes its old familiar ties, its love-lit hours, its homeliness, so dear, let us be able to look back and say we kept Faith all the time we were not here.—J. M.

★ *Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

WHAT L./Cpl. John Todd, Royal Signals, calls a "ringside view" of the fighting in North Africa is described in a letter to his wife at North Ormesby, Middlesbrough:

Previous to the big effort we had the "Griff" concerning what was in front of us, our main objective, and what was coming up behind to make things hot for the enemy.

A short time before zero hour we moved off under cover of darkness to a position not far from Jerry. We dug in our signal office and our sets were all fixed up. Then we were all ready and waiting for our barrage to open up—and open up it did!

Having served with a gunner regiment I could appreciate the work that the gunners were doing. It was hell let loose for Jerry's special benefit. It sounded like a score of thunderstorms all going on at the same time.

Then the infantry came steadily marching through our lines, with fixed bayonets and looking very business-like.

These were the lads who would make the gap in the enemy's line of minefields to let the tanks and following equipment get through and get to grips with Jerry.

It was with Brens, Breda's and artillery fire of all kinds smashing away, while the night sky was lit with gun-flashes, that a group of us stood by doing our usual job of work.

Then travelling along a track near us came our tanks, hundreds of them, rumbling out of the darkness and onwards towards Jerry. It was a great night—the British Army was on the job!

GOING BUDDHIST

Men of the R.A.F. serving in Ceylon find time to visit a Buddhist Temple and take part in a ceremony. L.A.C. A. N. Jones writes to his family at Chatsworth Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham:

Yesterday was a Festival day in these parts and last night we had a great time at a Buddhist temple. We saw natives trooping along to take part in the ceremony, so we tailed on to the procession.

When we got inside we caused a mild sensation, as we were the only white people there, but we were not turned out.

There were five of us, and a native policeman joined us and offered to show us round. He said that there was no need for us to take our shoes off, which suited us.

Inside were hundreds of the local people, all painted up and robed most impressively. We walked up the centre aisle towards a towering image of Buddha, and then a priest dabbed a spot of red on our foreheads.

The ceremony was impressive. The band, which consisted of two tom-toms and a trumpet-cum-flute, did its best, but it was not our idea of music. However, later on they let us have a "go," as someone gave them the idea that we were musicians! Two of our boys went on the tom-toms and I went on the trumpet. Did we tear it up?

We played what we thought was "native" music, and the congregation seemed to like it. We got frantic applause and finished with garlands round our necks.

TALE OF A TRAM

A tale of roguery in Cairo is spun by Trooper C. Orton to his family at Cradock Road, Alum Rock, Birmingham:

A peasant from down the Nile, hearing of big money in Cairo, decided to get some of it and arrived in Cairo a few days ago with his life's savings of £80.

It was his first visit, and seeing the crowded trams and 'buses he thought that buying a tram was an easy way of making money.

Sitting at a café table, he mentioned his ideas to a stranger, a "smart boy," who mentioned quite casually that he owned several trams, and since the peasant was keen, would sell him one at a knockout price. A bogus bill of sale for one tram costing £80 was promptly made out and signed.

They then walked to the busiest tram terminus in Cairo, where the "smart boy" introduced the victim to the driver—who had no idea what was happening. The peasant thought the tram a bargain for £80!

The trickster put the cash in his pocket, waved good-bye, and the peasant went for a ride on what he thought was *his* tram, hopping about to see that the conductor missed no fares.

Finally, at the end of the journey he congratulated the conductor, promising him a rise in wages, and demanded the bag of fare-money. Alas, the conductor thought him mad and called the police.

AFRICAN RENDEZVOUS

When a sister serving with Queen Alexandra's Army Nursing Service and a brother serving in the R.A.F. meet unexpectedly in North Africa—well, it's worth writing about. Here is A.C.I. W. Lee, R.A.F., telling the news to mother at Fordhams Road, Ford Estate, Sunderland:

Here is some hot news! I met Kitty to-day and was so surprised you could have knocked me down with a steam-roller.

It seems that she landed here yesterday and was attached to a place about five miles away from us. To-day Kitty and a few of her friends decided to visit a near-by village. There they happened to meet two of our officers, and asked if they knew where my unit was stationed.

Fancy young Kitty bumping into someone from our camp! Well, our officers told them to jump into the wagon and drove them up to the camp.

I was as busy as a bee in the hive cleaning my Sten-gun when my name was called out, and you can imagine my surprise and pleasure when I came out to see Kitty standing in the doorway of the officers' mess.

We had tea together and talked. When the girls were taken back to their billet in the wagon after tea,

Our barrage "sounded of thunderstorms" rag same time—and here a the men who produce of shells

ys gave them a real s
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I have a day off to-morr
show Kitty round the
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LUCKY MEETI

Two brothers had an meeting after many yea Ling, serving with the M to his mother at Leigh Leigh-on-Sea:

This is my first day as
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" ——! "

Do you know who it wa
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We had a quick chat; he
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In

FROM North Kensing
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more ships than we are

Thus British censor
cancels itself out!

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Consistently, JOH
BULL has urged that w
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Without facts, unpalata
may be, dangerous cons
put on official silence;
North Kensington ar
parallel throughout the

Next, from a Welshm
plea: "Can you help m
sea?"

He can handle the Co
Lewis and Marlin .303's,
jector and 4.7 anti-subm

Our barrage "sounded like a score of thunderstorms" raging at the same time—and here are some of the men who produced the rain of shells

oys gave them a real send-off, as if hey were Royalty at least.

I have a day off to-morrow, so I hope o show Kitty round the town. Talk bout a small world!

LUCKY MEETING

Two brothers had an unexpected meeting after many years. Lt. H. Ling, serving with the M.E.F., writes to his mother at Leigh Hall Road, Leigh-on-Sea:

This is my first day as a lieutenant, nd my arm had grown tired of saluting hen the unexpected happened.

I had gone a few yards down the main oad when a fellow in Army overalls aluted me, and I gave him one back. hen he grinned and said: "Well, I'll e ——!"

Do you know who it was?

None other than brother Jack himself, ooking as pleased as a dog with two tails o wag! Odd that after all these years e should bump into each other like hat!

We had a quick chat; he said he had een here only a day or two (which made ur meeting all the luckier), and then e met in the evening for a real chat.

I'm surprised we ever stopped talking.

★ *There are still soldiers who play a lone hand—brave men who move behind the enemy lines to stir up revolt, break down communications, and bluff big forces into surrender. Men whose exploits make adventure stories seem dull!*

Here are our Super Commandos

GOING native, spying out the land, invading the enemy's camp, diplomatising, guerillaing. . . . Britain's most individual soldiers are never idle.

They will go with us to France, Italy, the mountain fastnesses of Greece and Yugo-Slavia, or wherever else the liberating armies strike in Europe.

They are the adventurous lone wolves who, like Lawrence of Arabia in the last war or Wingate of Burma in this, carry on the colourful tradition of the British soldier-diplomat and super-commando.

Sitting just now at the elbow of Emperor Haile Selassie in the Imperial palace at Addis Ababa is a burly, baldheaded, jocular, bespectacled Englishman of sixty.

He is Brigadier D. A. Sandford, D.S.O., C.B.E., military adviser to the "Lion of the Tribe of Judah," who owes much to him.

Brigadier Sandford didn't mind fighting against odds of twenty to one and laughed at the price placed on his head. Judging by his smile, the heavier the task the merrier!

Man on the Spot

Thirty years ago Sandford was British consul in the Abyssinian capital, went and won his D.S.O. and bar in the last war, returned to farm some of the land ruled by his personal friend, Haile Selassie, and seized by Mussolini in 1935.

When Italy entered this war he became the natural head of the small British mission that found itself in the rebellious western province of Gojjam.

He set out with only £200 in his pocket and the dividends his miniature mission paid made it probably the cheapest in history.

With him were four other Englishmen, Captain Ronnie Critchley, a tall Hussar, Lieutenant Drew, of the Sudan Medical Service, Sergeant Gray and Signaller Whitmore of the Royal Corps of Signals.

Five men with the job of stirring up rebellion against an Italian army of 170,000!

They had fifty muleteers with them. Only the armed patriots who rallied round made them a fighting force. Sometimes the odds were twenty to one against them.

Moving at night, the muleteers left behind them packing cases containing confetti, but embossed with the significant symbol of the Lion of the Tribe of Judah.

Every tribesman knew what it meant: their Emperor was returning?

The flame of revolt spread, an Italian general offering 1,000 dollars to anybody who'd betray the Brigadier and his men, but nobody did.

For six months they worked within the ring of enemy garrisons and outposts. Once a whole brigade was sent after them. They dodged it with minutes to spare by swimming two flooded rivers.

Strange Baptism

Another time, to convince the natives of their friendship, they submitted to being baptised by an Ethiopian bishop on a mountain top.

The solemn ceremony demanded complete submersion, the Brigadier and his men disrobing to the last stitch. This war knows no stranger episode enacted in the cause of freedom!

One by one groups of patriots led by specially trained British officers and n.c.o.'s assisted the mission.

A South Australian senator well over sixty led a party of supporters. On one sortie a lion pounced on them from the bush, scattering the senator's native bodyguard.

Later they found his hat, sole relic of a gallant soldier of fortune.

A camel convoy was commanded by an elderly English professor, known as The Doctor, who'd taken to adventure in his retirement.

By the time these amazing guerillas had finished their task, Italian morale had begun to deteriorate before ever the main British liberating forces entered the country.

The Brigadier's successor as head of the mission was a British regular Army gunner whose later exploit of leading a guerilla force into the Burma jungle against the Japs has become a classic.

Now Brigadier Orde Charles Wingate, he was a major in Abyssinia. Before that his D.S.O. was awarded for gallantry and distinguished service in Palestine just before the war.

There, with small marauding bands of guerillas he rounded up rebel Arabs and Syrians who had been stirred to insurrection by the notorious pro-Nazi Mufti of Jerusalem.

When war broke out, Wingate commanded an anti-aircraft unit in Kent, but his intimate knowledge of the Arab world soon took him to Abyssinia.

There this fair-haired, blue-eyed dreamer and man of action, with a dislike of alcohol and a sincere belief in prayer, bluffed a powerful Italian force into surrender!

Vital Discoveries

Colonel Ralph Bagnold is one of that silent band of officers who before the war spent their time exploring the life and mysteries of the desert.

He it was who learned by long study and experiment how air currents behave over wide stretches of sand much as they do over oceans . . . the science of sandstorms.

These discoveries, still largely unrevealed, helped the Eighth Army to make the most of its armoured forces in the desert's peculiar conditions.

They enabled Bagnold to take a town by driving light tanks over sand dunes which the enemy thought impassable by armoured forces and so left undefended.

Bagnold led the daring Long-Range Desert Force which drove its light armour hundreds of miles into the enemy's camp, blowing up forts and dumps, shelling transports, burning grounded aircraft.

Its name is more famous than its exploits. Many remain on the "secret list" as to tell them would reveal precious lessons learned in modern mechanised guerilla warfare.

KEEPING IT UP

"WE have still to show that we can keep ourselves at the height and level of successful events," says Mr. Churchill.

This shrewd warning applies to every single phase of the nation's war effort.

In crisis most people can be depended upon to save every single article of scrap.

But, when prospects brighten, it requires really strong will-power and character to keep going at full pitch.

NOW is the time for us all to redouble our salvage efforts—and to help to shorten the war.

In the Watch Below

MERCHANT NAVY FORUM

FROM North Kensington, a seaman writes bitterly because the Pool can't get him a ship. His letter contains this disturbing sentence: "People round here say I'm having a long holiday; maybe it's because 'Jerry' is sinking a sight more ships than we are told."

Thus British censorship sometimes cancels itself out!

Certainly it is anomalous that sinkings of our merchantmen can come to us from American and not from British official sources.

Consistently, JOHN BULL has urged that we should be told of our victories *and our losses* in the sea war; knowledge goes a long way towards peaking production, and facts could be given Britain without aiding the Axis.

Without facts, unpalatable though they may be, dangerous construction is often put on official silence; reactions in the North Kensington area have their parallel throughout the whole country.

Next, from a Welshman comes the plea: "Can you help me to get back to sea?"

He can handle the Colt .5, Hotchkiss, Lewis and Marlin .303's, the Holman projector and 4.7 anti-submarine gun. He's an able-bodied, ready, willing and experienced seaman; but for some seven months he has been a locomotive fireman.

The railway company won't agree to his release, yet it has a large reserve of cleaners at Cardiff ready to go firing.

Questions of seamen's mail from home, and methods of life-saving, are right at the top of the list of items FORUM will tackle. Meanwhile, here are some answers to correspondents:

R. S., London, W.10: Facts of your case have been taken up with the proper authority. You will be advised immediately a decision is made.

F. W. R., Tyseley: Though your present job seems to come under EWO, previous experience stands you in good stead; your case has been referred back and a final decision will be made shortly.

B. T., Yorks: Question of steel lifeboats is under discussion.

H. G., Clydesside: There'll be *adequate* hostel accommodation in Glasgow before many more tides have flowed, if JOHN BULL knows anything about it!

Let FORUM have your problem. Keep letters short; give all available facts.

How to clean the lavatory

1 Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible. Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend.

2 Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you *don't* see, as well.

Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough action removes all discoloration—effectively cleans, disinfects, and deodorises the whole pan.

Harpic is easy to use and effective. Sprinkle it into the lavatory and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good time). Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white.

HARPIC

Gibbs DENTIFRICE IN BATTLEDRESS REFILLS

7d

AND 11½d (including Purchase Tax) Prices U.K. only

Give your teeth a shine with **Gibbs DENTIFRICE**

R. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4. GD 3/6A

MOTHER, DO THIS *for* FRETFUL BABY

You have seen the difference between babies whose sleep is deep and unbroken and babies who are restless, cross, cry at night. In the former a steady, healthy growth: in the latter, weight at a standstill — perhaps even a few precious ounces lost.

Guard against this, Mother! At the first sign of fretfulness or broken sleep, you can suspect stomach upset. Food is soured. The small bowels are constipated. No wonder baby cannot sleep.

The very minute these signs appear, give a little 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. Nothing else so gently and surely sweetens the little stomach, regulates the tiny bowels, rids the small system of tormenting wind and soured matter. Then, when the digestion is regular and movements healthy, baby falls nightly into healthy, untroubled sleep. 'Milk of Magnesia' is recommended by Doctors and Nurses everywhere as the gentle and safe laxative antacid for babies.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

LAST LAUGH

B. V (Accrington).—"After the war it looks as if those about to marry will only be able to obtain their most modest little nests by instalments." A little down—and so on?

BERT (Bath).—"A man is not in love if he can't carry his girl's complexion in his mind without effort." Or on his shoulder.

T. P. (Sheffield).—"The worst of a war is it doesn't provide any work for the peace to follow." Except in the building trade.

CHAR (Lincoln).—"Are there any bachelors who can refrain from littering up their rooms?" A tidy few.

MATRON (Bolton).—"The man everybody talks about as our best comedian hereabouts never seems funny to me." Maybe you married him?

F. C. (Blackburn).—"No coloured man appreciates being laughed at by his white brother." What about Mistah Bones?

S. B. (Stevenage).—"There is a shortage of watch-repairers in Germany." But citizens of the Reich can get a rough idea of the time by R.A.F. round-the-clock bombing.

F. N. (Lincs).—"The ideal house should have accommodation for a perambulator." And a flat roof as a landing-ground for storks.

D. N. C. (Durham).—"A dwarf, claimed to be the smallest in the world, appears in an American fair." We understand that he stands two feet in his socks.

P. N. (Ely).—"Mussolini, recently ill, is now reported to have recovered." Many Italians have been sending one another messages of sympathy.

D. B. (Dover).—"I once attended a big symphony concert in London at which there was no charge for admission." Albert Hall's guest night?

K. M. (Perran).—"Goebbels has a personal bodyguard of Storm Troopers all over 6 ft. 4 in. tall." They take it in turns to hold him up to the microphone.

H. P. (Newcastle).—"Most of the jokes I heard on the stage of a London theatre I had previously heard on the radio." We ourselves have heard jokes on the radio that we had previously heard on the radio.

F. C. (Warwick).—"Rome newspaper reports that inscriptions reading 'Viva Il Duce!' have appeared on city walls overnight." Mussolini probably gets up early and writes his own fan mail.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"We missed pushin' 'em into the sea off the Tunis Tip, so now we oughta bung 'em up to the top end and give 'em the Denmark Dip."

Side-Slips

BRISTOL EVENING NEWS:—". . . War Cabinet and to reconstitute it entirely of MINSTRELS without departmental duties."

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL:—"At the police CONCERT on Monday, M——— D———, or L——— (25), wife of a miner from S———, was fined 15s. . . ."

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST:—"The German News Agency reported last night that United States FOUR-AFTERNOON bombers raided. . . ."

HUDDERSFIELD DAILY EXAMINER:—". . . set out on his bicycle to return to his home at L———, but after he had gone a short distance he found he had a PICTURE. . . ."

SUNDAY MERCURY:—"Six months after injuring his spine in ten places besides fracturing his SKILL and an arm and a leg . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Wounded twice, and gassed in the last war, John Oliver was called up in 1939 to serve again in the Army. Discharged in 1941 through chronic bronchitis, he finds extreme difficulty in maintaining his wife and four children under fourteen. He has been compelled to give up several jobs due to his disability. He has no pension.

Out of his unemployment pay of £2 1s., rent, insurance and furniture amount to 18s. 6d. weekly.

It's not hard to realise the bitter struggle this little family has to feed and clothe themselves on this meagre balance. The J.P. of the county assures us that it is a genuine case.

Readers who wish to show their practical sympathy for this family should send donations, earmarked "Wreck," or for our General Fund, to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

1st PRIZE £100—'BULLETS' 1,377

E. G. Pinnell, The Wharf, Bourton, Swindon, Wilts, for this "Bullet":
ROUND AT THE SHOULDERS NOT STOMACH, NOW—FRITZ!

£20: A. Duffield, 779, Burnley Rd., Cornholme, Todmorden.
On Auntie's Allotment—*And Fortune, I'm "Sweating"!*

£10: G. Hill, 20, North Ham Rd., Littlehampton.
It's Rissoles For Dinner, So—Supper Probably Rissoled Rissoles!

£5: Pte. V. Mace, Somewhere-in-Britain.
End Of The Conflict—Wise Terms? Worse Times?

£4: J. Fidler, 16, Marlborough Rd., Bournemouth.
Home We Dream Of—Near Hobby's Dream Job!

£3: R. G. Walton, 6, Allison Gdns., Consett, Co. Durham.
Planning Big—Big Three—We Two.

£3: C. Singer, 215, High St., Marske-by-Sea, Redcar.
Kindly Neighbour—But Radio's Often "Cruel."

200 EXTRA CASH PRIZES See after next page.

£2: T. R. Webb, West Wellow, Romsey, Hants.
My Alarm-clock—"Bellringer" That Sunday Silence.

£2: G. Boyle, 222, Bearsden Rd., Temple, Glasgow.
Dad's Old Suit—Tweed—Smells Like Grub!

£2: Mrs. R. T. Weston, "Trevean," Alexandra Rd., St. Ives, Cornwall.
Turned To Gold—Neighbour—Our "Treasure" Blinding.

£2: G. Piper, 1, Seddon St., Little Hulton, Nr. Bolton.
Dad's Old Suit—"Disreputable Friend" Mother Tolerates.

£2: J. Boynton, 25, Lock's Hill, Frome, Som.
Our Fishmonger—Hailed The Last Herd!

A list of 25 Winners of Cakes can be seen at their offices. The 1,800 Merit Awards have also been posted.

£100 WON OUTRIGHT

IN XWORD 329

WINNING WORDS: 1. Tusk. 2. Sever. 3. Beam. 4. Thrum. 5. Lass. 6. Toll. 7. Muddled. 8. Hurl. 9. Shot. 10. Slap or Snap. 11. Dream. 12. Pest. 13. Scrub. 14. Acorn.

WINNER OF £100:
S. G. GAIN,
22, STEERS MEAD,
BITCHAM, SURREY.

Runners-up. Awards value £25 shared between 29 entrants.

Hooray! She's found a shop with a stock of

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP 2D PER TABLET (1 COUPON)

Protects — disinfects

KH 89-860 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.86

Dangers of Hurried Meals

MINISTRY OF HEALTH reports show that our war-time dietary is not only amply sustaining but actually beneficial. People nowadays, particularly war-workers, eat most of their meals far too hurriedly with the inevitable result that indigestion follows. Moorland Indigestion Tablets are the best method of *warding off* indigestion. If you feel stomach pains coming on simply take two Moorlands—that's all. They bring instant relief from indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia, flatulence, heartburn, palpitation, acidity, gastric catarrh, etc. Sold at all chemists, 1/5d. Also in 8½d. packets, (Including Tax.)

£500 EXTRA CASH for XWORDS!

Xword No. 329 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

CLUES (Answer every clue by entering letter in every Solution.)	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.	6d	9d
1 IT'S DISPOSING (with mud when runs are ARE IN CHARGE AND RULE)	KIN LY		
2 WOMEN MAKING MANY A MAN	SWEA		
3 SOLDIERS GENERALLY GRUMBLE WHEN THEY ARE BADLY	ED		
4 MAY WELL DESCRIBE WIFE'S HOME	NE U		
5 HEAVY QUE IS NATURALLY FOUND FLOWER	TRAU		
6 REGULAR EXERCISE IMPROVES	STR NG		
7 ARRIVAL OF THIS MAY CAUSE WOMAN SOME EXCITEMENT	STOR Y		
8 ONE RIGHT AHEAD WILL CAUSE DRIVER CHANGE HIS COURSE	C		
9 BRILLIANT FORWARD IS OCCASIONALLY THIS BY HIS TEAM	STAR ED		
10 IT'S EASY TO KNOCK STUFFING OUT OF	SOF		
11 A NUMBER OF HORSES ARE MARKED BY	RA CH		
12 SIXTY COPPERS MAKE ONE	CROW		
13 DRUMS OF THIS ARE ALWAYS EASY TO RECOGNISE	AR		
14 THIS IS SUPERFICIAL	FA E		

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 3d. for "Bulletin," dated July 10.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, JUNE 28

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

333

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Ensuite First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest, or one share of Tournament £500, allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword solutions used. Two Xword solutions FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Bulletins are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contest, to appear in "John Bull" dated July 17, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE

Warning Joseph Pickering & Sons Ltd., Sheffield, England are sole proprietors and manufacturers of "BLANCO" Brand White Cleaner. No other White Cleaners can be called "BLANCO" nor may they be sold as "BLANCO."

SCO CLEANS COOKERS QUICKLY

Sco removes hard baked on grease from ovens, burners, shelves, grids, etc., without scouring or scrubbing. Sco is odourless, speedy, efficient, economical.

NO BRUSH REQUIRED.

Bottles 7½d.

(refills available)

Large Tins 10½d.

From Ironmongers, Grocers & Woolworths

Sco Manufacturing, Charlbury, Oxford.

FALSE TEETH

Are they on your mind?

When, through shrinkage of the gums, a denture loses its original suction grip, discomfort and embarrassment serve as constant reminders of its presence in the mouth. To end this unpleasant state of denture-consciousness use KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE *for making false teeth fit firmly.* Comfort and confidence are restored and there will be no more chafing of the gums, no more embarrassing situations. Handy sprinkler tins 1/3d, also large 'Economy' size 3/3d, from all Chemists.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

The Ring of Her Dreams . . . There's happiness ahead for the bride who wears an H. Samuel Victory *LUCKY* Wedding Ring. All are handmade in Solid Gold, British Government Hallmarked and priced by weight. *By post or from any H. Samuel shop.*

H. SAMUEL (Headquarters: Market Street, Manchester, 1)

A HARD DAY'S WORK

With any of the Young Ones

Edinburgh. April 16th, 1943

Dear Sirs,

I have been taking your Yeast-Vite tablets for years, and I cannot speak too highly of them and I am continually recommending them.

I am over 60 years of age, and I can do a hard day's work with any of the young ones. If you wish to use this letter, you may with pleasure.

(Sgd.) C. C.

"PICKED UP WONDERFULLY"

Edinburgh. April 8th, 1943

Dear Sirs,

I would like to take this opportunity to tell you the wonderful effect your Yeast-Vite tablets have had on me. I was very depressed and run-down after an illness, and I have picked up wonderfully well since taking Yeast-Vite tablets.

(Sgd.) Mrs. A. G.

Warrington. April 7th, 1943.

Your wonderful Yeast-Vite tablets have kept me sisters going through another winter. I have taken them for years and am highly recommend them.

(Sgd.) Mrs. E. D.

Rayleigh, Essex. April 10th, 1943

Dear Sirs,

I am still expressing my very great appreciation of your Yeast-Vite tablets. Several people who are now taking them at my suggestion are delighted at the benefit obtained.

(Sgd.) E. S.

If you suffer from Backaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets, now in TWO SIZES ONLY, price 1/4 and 3/3 per bottle, including purchase tax. Do not blame your chemist if he is temporarily out of stock, he is doing his best in these difficult days of limited supplies and restricted transport.

Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

Makes light of cooking

The Best in the World

THIS WEEK ONLY

200 EXTRA CASH PRIZES!

"BULLETS" CHEQUES for 2, 3 or 4 figures

£50 OTHER PRIZES £10·£5·£4 £3·£2·6/-·&c.

20·10/- 200 NEW 3/6

1,000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14, show various ways to score. Jury Wins Day—Friday, July 9.

VITAL TO BRITAIN
ROAD TO RECOVERY
SWORD OF THE ALLIES
OLD KING COAL
DECADENT DEMOCRACY
THEATRE OF WAR
MORE SENSIBLE
TIRED WORKER
STILL THE BEST
COLD COMFORT
WITH A MIGHTY ROAR

BULLETS 1,377 RESULT "Queen of" page 14.

HAPPY DAYS
AMMUNITION
SHE WAS A PEACH, BUT
FATHER'S PAL
WITH TEARS IN HIS EYES
GUILTY CONSCIENCE
SOMETHING SLIPPED AND
DANGEROUS MAN
ACCORDING TO THE SERGEANT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

FLOOD OF .....
WHEN I'M .....
IN A QUIET .....
LOSING HIS .....
ONE OF THE .....
AT OUR VILLAGE .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated July 10.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, Monday, June 28
1,281

Signed .....
Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,281—or Xword No. 333, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

YOU share in the Profits made by this TRADE MARK

No fewer than eight million people in this country buy their goods from Co-operative stores. They own the stores; the surpluses arising from this form of trading are divided up—all receive a share in the form of dividend. You should join and share!

CWS *Issued by the* CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LTD.

GH 1611 P

There are no frills or fancies about Lybro Utility Overalls, these days. But there's working comfort . . . and first-rate service. That's why they're so popular—and sometimes so scarce!

LYBRO OVERALLS

WORKWEAR LTD., LIVERPOOL

"Keep it Going"

We have tried to produce a simple booklet on the care of radio sets. Not an easy job! Some people say it is far too elementary. Others claim they can't understand a word of it. Well, we've done our best to help and the price is only 6d. anyway, which is far too cheap. Get your copy, please, from a Murphy Dealer.

FROM ALL

MURPHY DEALERS

If you are quite unable to find a Murphy Dealer, as a last resort write direct to Publications Dept., Murphy Radio Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

CRC 126

The leg that wouldn't heal

is well again. Skin disorders are often slow and difficult to clear up because germs are poisoning the sore place and will not let it heal.

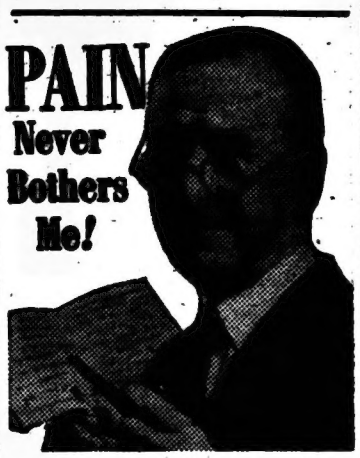
Until these germs have been killed there can be no healing. Dettol Ointment kills germs – it contains 'Dettol'. This new curative germ-killing ointment fights for you; fights to destroy the germs that make sore places slow to heal. Dettol Ointment not only soothes and calms the inflammation, but sinks deep into the skin tissue to help the body cells in their natural effort to grow clean, new, healthy skin.

From all Chemists, 1/5 includes tax

DETTOL BRAND OINTMENT

HEALING AND ACTIVELY ANTISEPTIC

PAIN Never Bothers Me!



My recipe for Pain-Relief is quite simple...just Beecham's Powders. A man of my age often gets more easily tired, Rheumaticky, and Headachy. But there's always a few Beecham's Powders in my pocket . . . and they never let me down. Their powder form makes them quick-acting and you can depend upon the results. They are a fine Pick-me-up too.

Prices in Great Britain (incl. Purchase Tax)
Cartons of 8 Powders 1/5.
Single Powders 2½d each

BEECHAM'S POWDERS

HERCULES CYCLES

'On active service'

The famous Black Watch Regiment on parade with their Hercules Bicycles.

The Hercules Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd., Aston, Birmingham 912B

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